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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CHINA'S JANGLING TRIUMVIRATE

THE considerations that moved Feng Yu-hsiang to desert his former chief, Marshal Wu Pei-fu, and set himself up as an arbiter between the contending parties in North China, are variously interpreted. Some assert that he was simply bought by the Mukden Tuchun. If so, he has played false to his previous reputation, which was probably higher than that of any other military man who has risen to prominence in China during the past decade. A correspondent of the London *Observer* still clings to this good opinion. He says: —

That Feng is an honest man and a sincere Christian is, I think, beyond question. That he enjoys the confidence and loyalty of his officers and men, in a degree to which there is no parallel in China to-day, is also beyond doubt. And that he is trusted and admired by his countrymen at large is proved by the fact that in a list of the Twelve Greatest Living Chinese, chosen by vote in a competition conducted by the *Weekly Review* of Shanghai, General Feng was near the top of the list. Three others of the twelve, it is interesting to note, were, like Feng himself, members of the Chinese Christian Church.

Impressed first, in 1900, by the 'Christian 'devotion and sweetness of spirit' shown by an American lady missionary murdered in the Boxer Rising, he decided definitely to become a Christian in 1913. Being a man of great practical common-sense, he has made his religion an everyday business, and has thrown into his military duties, both in peace and war, the principles which he understood to be Christian. His troops have been as welcome in any province where they have been stationed as any others were unwelcome. Every officer and man under his command has had the chance of a good elementary education and the opportunity of learning a trade which he might practise on returning to civil life.

It has long been known, or suspected, that Feng was losing his faith in Marshal Wu as a disinterested patriot. Wu is as definitely a Confucian as Feng is a Christian; but that is certainly not the decisive factor. Neither of them, so far, has shown any marked signs of political genius to match their military prowess; but, of the two, Wu is probably much the cleverer politician.

Eric von Salzmann, the China correspondent for *Vossische Zeitung*, whom we have often quoted as an intelligent veteran observer of affairs in the Far East, remains a loyal admirer of

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Wu Pei-fu, whom he has known for several years. He describes him as a product of what is best in both ancient Chinese culture and modern Occidental training. He received the exacting education in the Chinese classics that was demanded of the old régime. 'Wu quotes his Mang-tsze as readily and accurately as he does the songs of the convivial poet Li T'ai-po.' But he added to his classical training a course in the military academy, and became prominent as a determined opponent to Japan's aggressive policy in China during and following the World War. He thereby incurred the remorseless enmity of that country, but won immediate favor with British and American interests: —

Marshal Wu is fighting for Chinese independence and unity. He has told me personally on two different occasions that his bitterest enemy is Japan. . . . England and America, looking far ahead, want to see China strong, and believe the only way to accomplish this is through a strong Central Government. They would even accept a monarchy. . . . But a strong China with a powerful Central Government like that under the Manchu Dynasty would inevitably come into conflict with Japan. Japan has no desire to see China politically powerful and united. Her policy since 1903 has been consistently directed toward splitting up, weakening, and eventually subdividing China.

Nevertheless, Chang Tso-lin, if we may believe recent comment in the Japanese press, has not been overfriendly of late to the Japanese authorities in Manchuria. He is said to be a man of obscure origin, and a possibly apocryphal account of the way he rose to power was recently published in the London *National Review*. It seems that a Tatar leader named Jong Tsor-lin, who was driven out of China less than a generation ago, assembled his followers in the Mongolian uplands, where he made himself virtually ruler of a considerable district. Eventually he attracted the attention of the Tuchun of Mongolia, who sent him a cordial invitation to come to his Yemen, and promised to appoint him a major-general. Chang — the Chinese form of Jong — suspected the sincerity of the invitation, and sent instead a young Chinese volunteer whose name also chanced to be Chang, to impersonate him. That clever young adventurer succeeded so well that he actually secured a commission in the Chinese service and soon became a general. Finally his former chief ordered him to report to his headquarters, but by this time the Chinese Chang was stronger than the Tatar Chang, and refused to do so. Favored by the unsettled conditions in China during the last decade, he rapidly extended his influence and became Tuchun of Manchuria, where he speedily made himself virtually an independent ruler able to defy the Central Government at Peking. Chang's defeat by Marshal Wu Pei-fu almost under the walls of that capital last year is ascribed to the defection of his former Tatar chief, who, under the name of Hai Pei-chi, commanded Chang's right wing. However this may be, Hai Pei-chi has been living comfortably in Peking for the last eighteen months under the protection of General Wu. The situation in Peking has its humors. An English dispatch reports the following incident: —

Motor-cars cannot pass out of the Legation Quarter into the Northern city. Feng's troops, though alarmingly cautious, are perfectly civil. One lady, driving a car from the race-course suburb through the Western Gate, was suddenly surrounded by a score of soldiers, whose glittering bayonets almost touched her. Remembering that they were the troops of the 'Christian General,' with great presence of mind she shouted, 'Hallelujah!' — whereupon all stood to attention and let her pass.

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THE GERMAN CAMPAIGN

SINCE the world, and especially France, persists in regarding the decision that Germany makes at the ballot box next December as a determining factor in the success of the Dawes Plan and the pacification of Europe, every augury of its probable outcome is watched with intense interest. We have already alluded to the success of the Centre, or Moderate, Parties in the Upper Silesia elections. Another sign of good omen for those who wish Germany to adopt a constructive and conciliatory course was the election held in the old Free State of Hamburg on October 26. Its results, like those of the State of Maine in our country, were watched carefully by politicians, and the leaders of each party made every possible effort to swing them in their own direction.

So far as the voting can be considered a forecast for December 7, the outcome was decidedly in favor of the Moderates. Comparing the votes cast at the Reichstag election last May and those cast at the present local election, the ultra-Conservatives lost over 64 per cent; the Communists, on the extreme Left, lost 31 per cent. The German Nationalists, who stand next to the extreme Right, lost practically 25 per cent, while the Centre Parties held their strength nearly intact. In fact the Social Democrats, who are stronger than any of their rivals, cast approximately the same number of votes as last spring, in face of a diminished registration.

The Conservative press objects to the forecasts drawn from these returns, because the Socialists will not be so strong in the new Hamburg Parliament as they were in the last one, three years ago, when Radicalism was at its apogee in Germany. But this contention, which is a post-election afterthought, loses force from the fact that the voters themselves were alive to the moral effect of the recent polling in the Reichstag campaign.

✠

EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST

THE difference between the East and the West has seldom been more vividly illustrated than by the fast undertaken by Gandhi as a 'penance' for the violence and bloodshed that attended the Hindu-Moslem riots in India. Imagine, for instance, a political leader in the United States thus doing penance for the Herrin riots, although he was not even remotely responsible for them. *Swarajya*, an Indian paper of Madras, thus describes the breaking of this twenty-three-day fast, on October 8: —

Exactly at noon to-day, after Mr. Gandhi had taken his bath, he invited everyone who was present in the house to come upstairs and join together with him in the act of prayer. Before this began he asked especially that the doctors who had so faithfully and devotedly attended him might be brought to him, and he thanked them for their loving services.

After this the whole household assembled while Mr. Gandhi lay resting on his bed covered with a white *Khadder* cloth. He first called upon Imam Sahib Abdul Cadir Bawazir, who had been his lifelong friend in South Africa, to recite a prayer from the Koran. Imam Sahib chose the first Surah for his recitation, which when rendered into English runs as follows: —

'God the most compassionate and most merciful, the creator and the sustainer of the Universe, the one object of worship from whom alone comes help to mankind . . . guide us in the right path of those who are favored by Thee and not of those who are mis-

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guided and have incurred Thy displeasure.'

Mr. Gandhi next asked Mr. Andrews to sing the Christian hymn which runs as follows: —

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Mr. Gandhi also asked Mr. Vinoba to recite some slokas from the Upanishads and Mr. Balkrishna to sing his favorite Gujarati hymn describing the ideal Vaishnava. The following is a free translation: —

He is a true Vaishnava who knows and feels another's woes.
Ever ready to serve, he never boasts.
He bows to everyone and despises no one, keeping his thought, word, and deed pure.
Blessed is the mother of such an one.
He reverences every woman as his own mother.
He does not stain his lips with falsehood, nor does he touch another's wealth.
No attachment can hold him.
Ever in tune with Rama Nama, his body possesses in itself all places of pilgrimage.
Free from greed, deceit, passion, and anger, he is the true Vaishnava.

After this hymn Mr. Gandhi, turning to the Mohammedan friends present, said that Moslem unity had been his chief concern for thirty years. 'But I have not succeeded in achieving it. I do not know what is the will of God.' He besought them to promise if necessary to lay down their lives for the sake of this ideal. After his friends had pledged him their support, a physician brought forward some orange juice that had been prepared beforehand for that purpose, and Mr. Gandhi drank it. This broke his fast.

*

AMERICA IN AFRICA

After an ineffectual attempt in 1922, the British Government is preparing to sell at auction, at a reduced upset price, the enemy plantation properties in Kamerun. This announcement in the London press lends point to an account of economic conditions on the West Coast contributed to a recent number of *Kölnische Zeitung* by Leo Herbst, a former Kamerun plantation manager, two of whose articles were published in the *Living Age* of August 2 and November 1. He reports, perhaps with some prejudice, very bad conditions in French Kamerun. 'When I was in West Africa in 1923 I spent a month on the Spanish island of Fernando Po, which lies in the Gulf of Guinea. Dozens of Kamerun natives from the French zone came to me with agitated complaints that they were forced to work without wages, that they were taxed beyond their means to pay, and that they were forced to enlist in the army — contrary to the mandate provisions of the League.'

Business was prostrate, according to his story, throughout all western and southern Africa. Nevertheless: 'In the whole continent, west, south, and east, I observed a marked invasion of American capital. Wherever oil is found — and it occurs in many places — the Americans have already laid their hands on it. Money counts for nothing. American automobiles — Buicks, Dodges, and above all Fords — have flooded all Africa. They are cheap, they can be bought on easy terms, and excellent repair-service with abundant gasoline and lubricant is universal. Garage space, cleaning, and repairing are attended to for the owner so that he does not require a

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chauffeur. In Africa automobiles are no luxury but a necessity, for time is money, and South African towns are better provided with them than are we in Germany.'

♚

PLAYING AT TSAR

THERE is one subject upon which writers in all Russian papers agree, from the official *Pravda* to the anti-Bolshevist Berlin *Dni*, and even to the monarchist *Russkaia Gazeta*. It is the manifesto of the Grand Duke Kyrill, who after a few years of 'guardianship of the Russian throne' suddenly styled himself Emperor of All Russia, to the lonely delight of a small group of personal followers. The Monarchist groups of Paris and New York, which include many prominent former statesmen and men of letters like Kuprin and Bunin, were not in the least influenced by the manifesto in their loyalty to the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich, in whom they recognize a leader, but not a Tsar. Nikolai Nikolaevich seems to possess a good deal more discretion, for he publicly declared that no Tsar should be chosen until this can be done on Russian soil and the chosen one can be Tsar de facto.

Pravda, which usually devotes many efforts to discrediting the anti-Bolshevist Russians abroad, thought the manifesto undeserving of more attention than a ten-line note in which Kyrill was called 'His Sans-Culotte Majesty.' *Dni*, the anti-Bolshevist organ in Berlin, printed an article entitled 'Violent Dementia,' which sufficiently describes its contents. In the Paris Monarchist *Russkaia Gazeta*, V. Shulgin, the brilliant former Member of the State Duma, paraphrases the name of Kyrill's own newspaper, *Faith and Loyalty*, into 'Unbelief and Disloyalty.' The latter, he says, are the only possible results of Kyrill's action. Neither the actual circumstances nor the personality of the self-styled Emperor are such as would create unanimous support for him. 'Here, abroad, a man with the Tsar's title can only be a source of new pain and new humiliation. We cannot bear to have a Tsar exist in the conditions of our exile. We could, and we ought to, be proud of Peter I, who carefully hid the splendor of his station under a carpenter's blouse at Saardam; but it would be too painful to have a Tsar who would be Tsar to us and "His Highness" to every mail-carrier.'

Finally the ex-Empress Dowager Maria Feodorovna, who found refuge in her old age with her sister, the Queen Dowager of England, published an open letter to the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich, in which she disapproves of Kyrill's action because 'no man has yet been able to kill in me the last ray of hope' that either Nicholas II or his brother Mikhail are still living, and also because this is not the time, and Germany not the place, to chose a Russian Tsar. Nikolai Nikolaevich adds a few lines, in the curt, laconic style which once made him so popular in Russia as to excite Nicholas II's jealousy, to the effect that he agrees with the august writer of the open letter.

♚

BACHELOR TOURISTS BEWARE!

JAPAN is having some trouble with a tribe that lives in the wilder parts of Korea and is believed to number some 70,000 souls, whose members have 'an incurable habit' of burning down the forests — with which Korea is not overblessed — in order to secure fresh soil for planting crops. *Jiji* says that they live as simply as cave-dwellers, although they do build thatched huts of the most primitive construction.

They never bathe, from birth till death,

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and they have no doctors or medicines. Whether they do not need them, in view of their abstinence from the unhealthy custom of washing, is not quite clear. Rye, millet, and potatoes constitute their uninteresting menu, and they go to bed when it is dark, as they have not the burden of artificial light.

In marrying they do not even exchange sake cups — they probably have n't any — but merely shake hands! Travelers in Korea should beware how they shake hands with primitive maidens, or they may find themselves tied up to them for life.

These primitives have a good reputation, in that they are entirely inoffensive. They come to town only once a year, bringing their surplus produce, which they sell, and buy with the money supplies to meet their simple needs for the year.

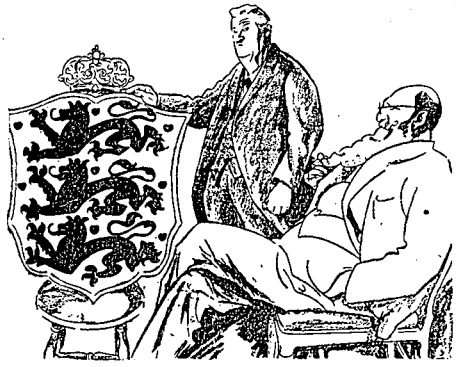
*

MINOR NOTES

A STUDENT in the Nanking College of Agriculture and Forestry has just completed an intensive survey of an agricultural district in the southern part of Kiangsu Province. The population of the region studied, which included six villages, is over 1400 per square mile. The average family consists of 4.8 persons, and has to support itself on a holding of a fraction more than two acres of land. Nearly half of the farmers hire labor at an expense of between three dollars and four dollars (American currency) per acre per annum, and ninety-eight per cent of them purchase fertilizer to the value of about ten dollars per acre. Eighty-eight per cent of the farmers own their holdings, and thirty per cent of them have other occupations besides farming. Family incomes from all sources are between $150 and $160 per annum, of which about $116 is from the farm itself.

RECENT archæological excavations near Erivan in Armenia have revealed the remains of ancient irrigation reservoirs and irrigation canals supposed to have been built by the Uratians, who lived in the Ararat Valley in the seventh century B.C.

DENMARK DISARMS



WAR MINISTER. If we substitute police for soldiers, what shall we substitute for the lions?
PREMIER. Police dogs. — *Berlingske Tidende*

UNCLE SAM AND THE LEAGUE

I'M TICKLED TO DEATH I'M SINGLE! I'M TICKLED TO DEATH I'M FREE
"WHAT ARE THE WILD WIVES SAYING?" DOESN'T APPLY TO ME.
I'M FRIGHTFULLY BUCKED I'M SINGLE! I'M FRIGHTFULLY GLAD I'M FREE!
I'VE SEEN THE MEN WHO'VE MATED, I'VE SEEN THE HOOK BEING BAITED,
I'VE BEEN QUITE ISOLATED, THEY CAN'T CATCH ME!

— *Daily Express*

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PREËLECTION GERMANY

BY EDMOND VERMEIL

From *Le Temps, October* 26-30
(PARIS SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

[PROFESSOR VERMEIL of the University of Strassburg was born in Switzerland of Alsatian parents, educated in France and Germany, and has been lecturer at the University of Göttingen. His knowledge of both countries is exceedingly intimate.]

NOTHING is more perplexing than the information we receive concerning contemporary Germany. We Frenchmen in particular confront a problem there that it is our duty to understand in all its aspects. What we need is a complete picture. Now, every observer or historian invariably sees this mysterious country, that is slowly taking on a new form at our very doors, from his individual standpoint. The formula 'Weimar or Potsdam' doubtless contains a germ of fact, and we may assume that a majority of Germans are arrayed under one of these two banners. But which will win, Weimar or Potsdam? That is the real question. What is its answer?

Still, we must not permit ourselves to be hypnotized by two words that are at the same time geographical and symbolical. That is shown by the very just observation made to me a few days ago in a Berlin drawing-room by a convinced and sincere Democrat: 'The only real statesman we have is the Prussian Minister Severing. Now what is Severing trying to do? What he wants, and is energetically working to accomplish, is to make the Prussian administration republican. If he succeeds, will it not be a guaranty for the future?'

In other words, he meant to say that Germany must be made a republic by the same political agencies that Bismarck in his day employed. And why not? Is not the policy of 'first one, then the other' the clearly marked interplay between the policy of the National Government and the policy of Prussia, which is the dominant feature of Germany's political history, as important to-day as it was yesterday? We have all wanted to see a partition of Prussia, if not of Germany. And if democracy takes firm root in Prussia, that great State within a State — if it makes itself a real power by a new and paradoxical Prussianizing of itself — what is to be our attitude? I ask these questions merely to show my readers how complex, how disconcerting for our French minds, the problem of Germany is.

The present Cabinet crisis gives us a striking illustration of this. It has been the subject of debate for a long time at Berlin. I do not mean that it has interested deeply the man upon the street, hastening with a preoccupied air to his place of employment and asking nothing more than to have peace at home and abroad. But it has completely absorbed the parliamentary strategists.

In fact, whenever I talked about the dissolution of the Reichstag to reasonable Germans, they applauded the idea. They know very well that the procrastination of the Weimar Democrats has exasperated us with good reason, and that after our elections last May had inaugurated a new policy

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in France we had the right to expect the German people to give us a similarly definite expression of their opinion. But how can we expect that nation to express itself definitely? The Social Democrats and the Democrats — that is, the two parties that stand immediately left of the Centre — are seriously weakened, even though the introduction of the Rentenmark has, I was told on every side, again filled the trade-union treasuries emptied by inflation. The German People's Party and the German National People's Party, on the extreme Right, stick closely together, for they are practically unanimous in their attitude toward the burdens imposed upon Germany by the London Agreement. Between these two groups the Centre, following its old practice, oscillates to and fro, intent on not committing itself to either the Left or the Right. How can we escape from this impasse?

Some people have assured me that the German Nationalists are honest men, who are perfectly sincere in their declaration that they will carry out the Dawes Plan instead of sabotaging it. These optimists appeal to a thousand economic arguments — all of them very forcible — why this should be so. But none the less, if the German National People's Party should accept office in the next Cabinet, the fact will be deplorable. A Democrat asked me, not without some concern: 'What will France do? If we do not show her some evidence of a new state of mind, will she not perforce revert to the policies she abandoned on the eleventh of May?' And I detected this disquiet, doubt, and hesitation in the minds of all the public men with whom I talked. They fear that these delays and uncertainties may destroy the work of the last few months, which they are well aware has been of vast benefit to their country. On the other hand, they want to wait. They beg us to have patience and to trust them, without being able to give us any proof, any guaranty, of their ultimate course.

Governmental impotence is the curse that weighs heaviest on Germany. Tugged this way and that by parties each of which represents definite and powerful interests, the authorities are incapable of making positive decisions. I discussed this difficulty with a distinguished jurist who took a leading part in the labors of the National Assembly. I also discussed it with an eminent university professor, who in spite of his sixty-five years still works assiduously and publishes widely, and whose powerful features and noble head are themselves testimony to his energy and authority. The first of these gentlemen, after relating at great length the events that followed immediately after the Revolution, the origin of the present Democratic Party, and the important rôle played by President Ebert, concluded: 'So you see, it was the Treaty of Versailles that broke the back of German Democracy' — *hat der deutschen Demokratie den Rückgrat gebrochen.*

The university professor showed utter contempt for British and French democracy. He could see nothing in them except plutocracies. I tried in vain to persuade him that side by side with our plutocracy there still survive our democratic manners and the habits contracted by our people during a long period of self-government. He admitted that the Germans are incapable of expressing themselves politically with clearness and decision. For while this German savant despises our parliaments, he holds German parliaments in still deeper contempt. He said that before the Revolution Germany did have some inkling of true democracy — *die wahre Mitregierung des Volkes;* but to-day the

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party system utterly deprives the people of the sovereign authority theoretically granted them. That was the real meaning of the whole Weimar drama.

In this gentleman's opinion the German Revolution merely consecrated a defeat. As to the causes of this defeat and the origin of the war he was adamant: in his mind, Poincaré, Izvolskii, and Grey were the real authors of the tragedy of 1914 — he did not doubt it for an instant. The German people had been attacked. I suggested that the critical moment was in 1904, when Great Britain ceased courting the Triple Alliance and turned toward the Double Entente. The professor assented. 'But why did the English change front?' I said. 'Did not the German army and fleet have some influence there?' The professor admitted that also. We seemed on the point of agreeing. But it made no difference; he stuck to his thesis that Germany fought a defensive war, and you could not shake him from it.

That is the type of man who to-day controls the political destinies of the country. Trapped between the past and the present like Stresemann, who stretches out his hands to all Parties, and whose speeches build wonderful but all too fragile bridges of understanding between them, they hesitate and quibble, while France and all the world, after catching a glimpse during these past months of a great hope, wait for them to decide whether it shall be peace or war, whether Europe is to survive or perish.

But let us leave this disappointing generation, with its clumsiness and indecision, and see what we have to hope for from the Democratic pacifists, and above all, from the rising generation of young Republicans that is growing up side by side with another group of young men of disturbingly Chauvinist tendencies, but is becoming more confident and clearly conscious of its future task with every day that passes. I do not cherish dangerous illusions regarding these two movements. But we must scan carefully the new signs that are rising over the horizon.

I followed closely the sessions of the Twenty-third International Peace Conference. They were unquestionably very interesting and significant; and let me say at the outset that the German press seemed to attach great importance to this Congress, and discussed at length its debates and resolutions. International pacifism — and German pacifism in particular — is passing through a serious crisis. In fact, the League of Nations has already put into effect a large part of its international-law programme, especially that portion relating to arbitration and disarmament. This has created a sharp division between the moderates, who are looking for positive and rational results, and the extremists, who insist on being discontented with what the League of Nations has accomplished, and demand something more radical. To put it briefly, pre-war pacifism wants to keep alive, and is casting about for something to do. The moderates won their case in the Disarmament Committee by a bare majority, which endorsed the action of the League in regard to the use of armed forces and military resistance. But the report of the Committee was completely overruled in the plenary session. The Germans, backed by the English, insisted upon absolute pacifism.

That throws a significant light upon the German pacifists. I fear that their uncompromising attitude will alienate public opinion and make them a mere sect. Now, the all-important thing is to secure popular backing. The crowds that flocked to the big public meetings

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organized by the Congress at Berlin and elsewhere, and the immense success of the Potsdam meeting, which represented a victory of Minister Severing over the reactionaries and the Nationalist Fascisti, prove how deep, albeit unconscious and inarticulate, is the desire for peace among the German masses. A Frenchman who has lived in Berlin for a long time and knows Germany very well indeed said to me one day on the street, as we watched the crowd pass by: 'The war? That's the last thing in the world these people think about. What they want is to work, to earn their living, to have a fair degree of physical comfort. Doubtless there is among them a bourgeois element that continues to meditate ambitious schemes and to dream the wild dreams that the German's gift of technical vision encourages, but it will not be difficult to reach an agreement with that element. And the problem of economic coöperation between France and Germany is the most important problem of all.'

It was a wise and sensible observation. For that reason I regretted keenly that the Peace Conference at Berlin, which brought together Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen, did not take up this question in a practical way, with a proper realization of its difficulties, its determining conditions, and also its vast possibilities.

At its last session the Congress debated the interesting thesis of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, an Austrian who proposes to organize inside the League of Nations itself a sub-group, to which he would give the name Pax-Europa, and from which he would exclude for economic and political reasons both Russia and England.

This is not the place to discuss a proposal like that. Most of the French delegates vigorously opposed it, particularly in so far as it would affect relations between France and England. None the less, the Franco-German problem lies at the heart of this idea. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi has published an 'Appeal to the French Chamber,' in which he tries to sketch a solution of the latter problem. But that problem was not even raised at the Peace Congress. Its omission was so keenly felt that at the last session someone proposed that the Congress should appoint a special committee upon relations between France and Germany. Better late than never. If the pacifists cannot solve that question, all their other labors will be futile.

But to return to our previous question, what is the mind of the young men of Germany to-day? Is not the Franco-German problem in its last analysis a question of the mental attitude of the coming generation?

No doubt all that we have been told about the chauvinism of the young men in the secondary schools and universities of Germany and the intransigeant spirit and instruction of their teachers is only too true. I know intimately a Berlin family whose two children, a boy and a girl, are enthusiastic Republicans and pacifists. They told me confidentially what they had to suffer at school. Their teachers take no pains to conceal their hatred of France and their desire for a war of vengeance. Do not imagine that the Government, particularly in Prussia, is inactive and indifferent in this matter. If the teachers were reported as holding and expressing such sentiments, they might lose their positions, especially now when the authorities are dismissing so many government employees. But except in a few isolated cases, all teaching in that country is imbued with this silent but obstinate Nationalism. The teachers and professors who are Republicans at heart

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can hardly be said to have an appreciable influence. They may count for something in primary and secondary schools, but they are a cipher at the universities.

It is precisely this condition that is driving so many of the young people toward radical political methods. I was told by several informants that the Nationalist young people's societies have 800,000 members, but that the *Reichsbanner*, the principal Republican organization, has more than three million on its rolls. What do these societies aim to accomplish? It would take a special article to tell this. Doubtless many of their members do not know as yet. The pleasure of wearing a uniform, the love of military organization always latent in the German heart, probably play a part. But the Reichsbanner is a fact — and a fact of potent possibilities.

Everywhere, especially in the big-population centres, active groups are forming to propagate the Republican idea. I was invited to address a meeting of these young Republicans at a hall in Berlin. It was a small gathering of only about forty young men. They had draped the speaker's table with a French flag and in the back of the hall was the flag of the German Republic. I elucidated at considerable length my ideas of the Franco-German problem. Then followed an eager, passionate discussion that lasted several hours. For these young men, I soon discovered, were no emotional, sentimental youngsters, carried away by vague enthusiasms, but hard-headed, critical, intelligent thinkers, and wonderfully well informed on all current topics, including economic and financial questions.

Such young men are of course the exception. I should never think of drawing a snap conclusion from a single experience like this, although it was one of the most interesting and valuable incidents of my Berlin visit. But I do think that I can say conservatively that a new Germany is slowly taking form, that the great fight between Weimar and Potsdam will be fought out by the young generation just coming on the stage, and that it is the duty of every Frenchman to recognize and to encourage the forces that are slowly mobilizing behind the scenes in Germany against reaction and revenge. For on the issue of that fight depends the safety of France.

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EUROPE GETS TOGETHER

BY LUDWIG QUESSEL

From *Sozialistische Monatshefte, September 30*
(CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST MONTHLY)

[THE author is a prominent Socialist editor and member of the Reichstag.]

GERMANY has watched with astonishment, during this September, Europe's effort to give herself a Constitution. At last our continent seriously proposes to substitute a reign of law and order for the reign of brute force that has hitherto held sway. What even Liberals and Social Democrats have smiled at tolerantly, as naïve dreams of imaginative idealists and enthusiasts, is actually on the way to be realized. Continental Europe is visibly taking on form and substance as a supernational political entity. Even England, who regards this new development with secret dislike, is compelled to proclaim through the mouth of her Prime Minister that the first duty of the League of Nations is to create a united Europe.

This announcement is, to be sure, slightly misleading, in so far as the foundations of a united Europe have already been laid, not only without England's help, but against England's will. When France created a system of defensive alliances with Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland, to guarantee the new order of the continent, she thereby started a transition from anarchy to law. For four years England has fought with all the resources of her shrewd diplomacy this inconvenient innovation, which relegates her balance-of-power policy to the rubbish heap of history. Now she bows before an accomplished and inevitable fact. Of course she does not intend forthwith to leave unhampered a political development she cannot altogether prevent. Her purpose is rather to cabin and confine an evolutionary process that is marching forward of its own motion and volition against her will. With this in view she turns her eyes to Germany and Russia. She looks to these two Powers to delay, even though they cannot stop entirely, this evolution, which will ultimately emancipate Europe from Anglo-Saxon tutelage.

What has occurred at Geneva since the fourth of September removes the last shadow of doubt regarding this. Before the League took the recent measures that have set Continental Europe on the road toward unity and freedom under French guidance, a mysterious breakfast occurred in London, at the home of Lord Parmoor, where Marx and Stresemann expected to receive a hint as to the attitude they should adopt toward that body. Stresemann left that breakfast with the impression that England did not want Germany to join the League, even though a section of the British press, in order to save the Government's face at Geneva and Paris, was encouraging our country to take that step.

We all know, to be sure, that Lord Parmoor and Murray later published to the world, through the Social-Democratic Parliamentary Service, that they had urgently advised Stresemann and Marx at the Henley breakfast to apply for Germany's admission to the League,

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but did not find these gentlemen prepared to do so.

Most assuredly not one word of this eloquent appeal ever reached the ears of the German delegates.

The history of the breakfast at the home of Lord Parmoor, and of events at the Genoa Conference immediately preceding Germany's publication of her Rapallo Treaty with Russia, presents such striking parallels that it is easy to conjecture what lies behind the Henley misunderstanding. On September 4 Premier MacDonald delivered his great speech at Geneva, in which he exhorted Germany to enter the League. He declared that Germany must not remain outside that body; that, if he might be permitted to use the expression without being misunderstood, the rest of the world would not permit Germany to remain outside; that the London Conference had created new relations between Germany and the other European Powers; that a seal should be set upon those relations by the League Assembly; that the first task of the League was to erect a European system, and such a system could never thrive until the former enemies of the Allies ceased to be enemies; and much more of the same sort.

It is well known, however, that the men who control the policies of the British Foreign Office are past masters of the art of keeping from a Prime Minister information that might embarrass him in a particular emergency. Lloyd George at Genoa knew absolutely nothing of the Rapallo Treaty, although the Foreign Office both knew of its existence and knew that Germany proposed to make it public. In the same way, when MacDonald pointed in Geneva to the 'threatening empty chair' he may very well have been ignorant of the fact that a few weeks earlier, at the home of the British delegate to the League of Nations, Germany's representatives at the London Conference were tacitly given to understand that the people of England would like to see the chair at Geneva remain empty for a considerable time longer.

So Ramsay MacDonald, who without question meant personally just what he said, could cordially invite Germany to join the League, and point with a deploring gesture to the 'empty chair,' while his Foreign Office was carefully providing that Germany should not want to occupy that chair. Furthermore, as most public men know, a measure that cannot be prevented altogether can often be effectively postponed by pretending to be its eager champions.

This misunderstanding at Henley is of course but a slight diversion in the larger strategy of our time, but it is one that throws much light on the attitude of England toward the creation of a united Europe. Naturally England cannot openly oppose the honest effort of France to coöperate with Germany — including, of course, working together with her in the economic field. But the London Foreign Office is doing all in its power to postpone that consummation, while making the rest of the world believe that the France of Herriot and Painlevé is the evil genius that is excluding Germany from the League. The memorandum which the Foreign Office delivered to Stresemann through Lord D'Abernon on September 22, just before the first session of the Reichstag after the vacation, was conceived in this sense. The English Ambassador, while professing a platonic desire to remove Germany's objections to joining the League, took pains to declare that the British Government could not assure her a permanent seat in the League Council, because only the League itself was authorized to create a new place in that body. This declaration, as *Kölnische Zeitung* said, was like

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'a cold douche' on Germany's desire to join. The decision that the Cabinet took the next day shows that our Ship of State, faithful to its traditions, still responds sensitively to every movement of the British compass.

What is this new political constitution of Europe like, which Geneva is trying to enact and British imperialism is trying to postpone and nullify? What France and her allies want is clear and definite. Benes, who appeared at Geneva as an official protagonist of the new European solidarity that is to rescue the continent from a reign of force, outlined a programme designed to realize the aspiration of 300,000,000 Europeans for an enduring peace enforced by adequate authority. Hereafter the twenty-five nations of Continental Europe shall be permitted to resort to military measures only for two objects: to defend themselves against armed attack, or to overpower, with the assistance of their colleague nations, any country that wantonly breaks the peace. When it came to defining what should constitute a breach of peace, Geneva adopted the French proposal that any State shall be declared an aggressor that refuses to submit a controversy to arbitration or to comply with the regulations of the League Council while a controversy is under adjudication. The regulations of the Council are designed to prevent secret arming and mobilizing while a dispute is pending. If a Government refuses to accept the decree of an arbitrator, all the naval, air, and land forces of Europe may be called upon to enforce the judgment and to bring the recalcitrant State to reason; and naturally the offender must pay the entire cost of its own disciplining.

We must emphasize that, in spite of the skillful manœuvring of the British Foreign Office at Geneva, the conflict between the views of the British Empire and of Continental Europe came sharply to the surface during the discussion of the peace guaranties just mentioned. First of all, English delegates made it very plain that the British fleet would not be employed to keep peace on the Continent. Britain in general opposed the idea of backing up law by force, because law without force is a shadow, and force without law is tyranny. While Continental Europe refuses to trust the edicts of the League Council and the decisions of the International Tribunal set up by the League precisely because no guaranties exist for their enforcement, England advocates a legal procedure without any police power behind it. She regards the alliances that France has made with Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland, for the purpose of maintaining peace, as a serious threat to peace. MacDonald warned the smaller Powers, which have appeared again upon the world stage after a long period without a history, that they would be trampled underfoot and obliterated in the next European war; that if they trusted their safety to treaties and alliances they would find themselves the victims of a dangerous illusion.

France's allies answered this appeal to give up their alliances with each other and with France, to disarm and to trust to the power of justice without force, by refusing to surrender these alliances, which were made to protect them from the military spirit still vigorous and powerful among their enemies. They declared: 'We shall disarm only when England and America guarantee our safety, for he who lays down his arms in the face of enemies who recognize no right except the right of force merely encourages violence and injustice.'

The Protocol adopted by the League Assembly shows us that the French

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view won. The League will try to enforce peace. The alliances between France and the smaller Powers that have warded off Bolshevist aggression and preserved the peace of Europe remain as they are, but the naval, air, and land forces of these allies shall henceforth be used only to preserve peace and to bring to reason any Government that breaks the peace. This marks the inauguration of a new system of international law, a system under which nations can actually obtain justice — justice guaranteed by an organized continent consciously striving to attain its solidarity and determined to enforce what it considers right.

It is now for Germany to decide whether she will honorably and unreservedly commit herself to this new continental system of justice, or else join the League of Nations as a tool of British imperialism committed to opposing this new Europe, which in any case is coming, because it must come. The question is not whether Germany shall join the League, but in what spirit she shall join it. If she joins it converted to the spirit of force disguised by empty appeals to morality and justice championed by British imperialism, she will not benefit humanity by her step. But if she joins in the spirit of Kant, who pleaded with Europe more than one hundred years ago to 'rise above the lawless condition of the brute and enter a league of peoples where each State, even the smallest, enjoys safety and justice, not by virtue of its own power or its own arbitrary will, but under a great league of nations, a united power, and in accordance with laws and judgments expressing that united will' — then she will be furthering both her own welfare and that of Europe.

What has happened at Geneva proves that the people of Europe do at length wish to escape from the reign of force which British imperialism, with its professed attachment to right without might, seeks to perpetuate, that they are no longer willing to let England, who insists that her fleet shall rule the seas but would have the continent disarm by land and by air, remain the arbiter of the world's destinies; that they have at length decided to set up an international constitution that shall substitute justice in place of force and reason in place of nationalist phantoms. A union of peoples is forming that will assure every nation the right of self-determination, and the right to its own cultural life under the effective protection of all. May Germany listen to the bidding of the hour, and do her part to create a new Europe where humanity may pursue its highest aims in safety under the protection of a peace guaranteed by force.

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PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL'S VERSAILLES

BY M. E. G.

From *Nuova Antologia, October* 1
(ROME LIBERAL LITERARY SEMIMONTHLY)

'A LITTLE Versailles' many foreigners are wont to call Petropolis, the summer capital of the Rio de Janeiro Government. Petropolis is also referred to as 'a watering-place,' perhaps because it rains here every day.

Until a few years ago this resort was to all intents and purposes the permanent diplomatic capital, because foreign representatives shunned Rio de Janeiro on account of the yellow fever. Since the fever has been banished from that city, Petropolis has lost some of its former prominence, although most embassy and legation staffs still reside here from December to May.

At first glance Petropolis suggests a German community more than it does a town in tropical Brazil, for its people are largely of German descent. Both the men and the women have the ruddy complexion, the blue eyes, the fair hair, and the robust physiques of that northern race. Local names bear out this impression: Rhineland, Westphalia, Bohemia, Nassau, Darmstadt, Worms, Moselle, Pfalz, and so on. A mere chance caused this district to be settled by German colonists. In 1828, Emperor Pedro I resided for a time on a ranch in the vicinity, while one of his daughters was recovering her health. Charmed by the climate, he returned the following year, and eventually purchased an estate on the site of the present town. Political changes later recalled him to Portugal. Eight years afterward a British ship put into Rio with several hundred mutinous German colonists aboard. They had taken passage for Australia, but had rebelled against the scantiness and the poor quality of the food upon the vessel. A German engineer in the Brazilian service, who was building a state highway in the vicinity of the future summer capital, gladly gave work to his fellow countrymen. Other immigrants followed, and when a new town was laid out on the Emperor's estate, in 1843, it was settled largely by them.

Petropolis preserves few vestiges of the time when it was the residence of the Emperor. The old Imperial Palace, of plain but correct design, in its broad park, and the villa of Princess Isabella, remain. A cathedral begun under the Empire is still in process of construction. When the monarchy was overthrown, in 1889, the Republican Government hastened to rename the streets and parks that commemorated the old régime.

But if the Empire has left few physical evidences of its existence, its memory survives more vividly here than elsewhere in Brazil. Many people still recall seeing Don Pedro II riding or walking through the streets and the surrounding country, and relate pleasant anecdotes of Empress Theresa Christina, who was called *La Mae dos Brasileiros* — 'The Mother of the Brazilians.' The royal family always spent part of the year at Petropolis, living very simply with their children and grandchildren, two of whom were born here.

It is natural, therefore, that mem-

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ories of royalty should linger, especially in the families of the old imperial aristocracy who still reside in the town. They form a quiet, serious, distinguished, and for the most part deeply religious, circle. As a rule they are not overendowed with wealth, and they do not figure prominently at the diplomatic balls and livelier festivities of the social season. Their doors are closed to the new-rich, the climbers, and the adventurers so typical of our age, but they are most hospitable toward those who win their esteem. They are sincerely patriotic, and are entirely loyal to the new Government, even though they preserve so many tender recollections of the one that is gone.

Petropolis has grown steadily ever since it was founded, and is now a city of modest palaces, villas, and cottages scattered at irregular intervals along broad, shady avenues, which follow the banks of watercourses or wind through numerous parallel or converging valleys that open here and there into amphitheatres. Its altitude, about 2500 feet above the sea, gives it a delightful and healthy climate. Nature has blessed it abundantly with her treasures: magnolias, orchids, roses, jasmine, gardenias, carnations, orange blossoms that fill the air with balsamic fragrance, and royal palms that lift their majestic canopies high above the luxuriant growth beneath.

The buildings do not as a rule compete with the beauty of Nature. Most of them, especially the more modern, leave much to be desired in the matter of design. The town is poorly kept up. Sidewalks and pavements are in disrepair, and private yards and grounds are not as carefully tended as at Rio de Janeiro or São Paulo. Most of the shops are small and unattractive; and the local hackmen are even more unconscionable villains than those of Rome. A leading Rio daily recently declared: 'The city administration apparently has no other preoccupation than a harmless penchant for repainting the bridges across the Piabanha River green when they are red, and red when they are green.'

Nor are the churches creditable. In 1859 Charles Ribeyrolles characterized them, in his *Brésil Pittoresque*, as 'almost too appropriate for the God of the manger,' and since then they have not improved.

A cottage close to the present Cathedral once housed a famous alleged diamond, the 'Star of the South,' discovered in the State of Minas Geraes in 1853. A syndicate under the presidency of the Consul of Holland was organized to sell this gem, and a large sum of money was spent in an effort to market it. Since a buyer could not be found at the price demanded, it was decided to cut the stone into smaller pieces; whereupon, to the surprise of everyone, the diamond turned out to be a topaz. So the only 'Star of the South' continued to be the one in the firmament.

The President of the Republic has a modest residence at Petropolis, and during the summer he transacts diplomatic business at this place. The present administration has simplified official ceremonial. No uniforms are worn, and presidential functions are absolutely dry — even dryer than in the United States.

Petropolis changes its physiognomy completely between winter and summer. In the winter it belongs to its permanent residents, who employ this season for a round of private social functions, marriages, and the like. During the summer everything is crowded, as at European resorts. The Brazilian newspapers at that time print long reports of its social doings, criticize the costumes and the customs

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of high society, complain that ladies are trying to dress like men and men like foreigners, and presume to censor the follies of the age. Above all, they devote their shafts of ridicule to the poor *almofadinhas* and *melindrosas*. What is an *almofadinha?* A young man, generally in the downy-moustache stage, sentimental, 'misunderstood,' excessively bourgeois, fond of society, an exquisite in matters of dress, languishing with ardent devotion for some fair one, for whom he embroiders a cushion — *almofada* — or to whom he composes verses of melting tenderness. *La melindrosa* is his feminine counterpart.

If you wish to know whether the journalists are justified, visit Petropolis.

The summer season is a perpetual carnival. The weather is perfect, and afternoons, evenings, and nights are a constant round of festivities; people dance in private homes and at the hotels, and there is gaming everywhere. Eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday, tournaments at the Tennis Club, and waiting for the trains at the station are other diversions of the fashionable world. And naturally, here as everywhere else, these functions have an inevitable accompaniment of flirtation and courting, though with far greater restraint than in old Europe.

The fruit of such summer romances matures in the winter, when Petropolis becomes the favored resort of honeymooning couples. These pilgrimages are already a venerable institution. At one time a little inn kept by a Turk had almost a monopoly on this business. The proprietor was a certain Said Ali, and his establishment in the 'Street of the Artists' bore the sign *Hôtel d'Orient*, but was universally known as *Hotel das luas de mel* — 'Hotel of the Honeymoons.' Its signboard cleverly managed to advertise the nativity of the proprietor and the custom to which he catered; for it was an enormous crescent, which inspired a Brazilian author to write in 1862: *O que vale e que o noivo ao penetrar no sanctuario oriental, todo absorto na contemplaçao da fiel consorte, ñao olha o arco debaixo do qual vae passando!* — 'What is important is that the bridegroom, on entering this Oriental sanctuary, is so absorbed in the contemplation of his devoted life-mate that he never notices the yoke under which he passes!'

To tell the truth, while Petropolis resembles to some extent Deauville, Trouville, and other better-known resorts in its influx of visitors, its gaming, its dancing, and its display of beautiful toilettes, it lacks not only hotels de luxe but really good hotels of any kind. That business is in the hands of German ex-waiters, who show little evidence of Germanic orderliness and cleanliness. Their establishments have no modern conveniences, but are ill-kept barracks, where guests sleep three, four, or five in a room, everybody converses with everybody else at the top of his voice, and half-naked children tumble about underfoot. Most of the patrons are people of the small trading class — Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, and Jews.

The difference in temperature between Rio and Petropolis is very marked. For this reason many people whose business requires them to be in Rio every day travel back and forth in order to enjoy the cool nights here. Fares are low, but the journey is tiresome and disagreeable. The stations at either end are ugly and unattractive; the cars are inconvenient, indifferently clean, and inadequately lighted; trains do not run on time; and the railway regulations are absurd. For instance, travelers cannot reserve seats in ad-

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vance except in ladies' or nonsmoking compartments. But Nature makes amends for human incompetence and perversity — the scenery is magnificent.

First comes the view of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro and its encircling mountains. Then follow the high slopes of the plateau, clothed in marvelously luxuriant vegetation, where Nature revels in a wealth of flowers and fruits of every color. During the journey the Brazilians indulge in animated political discussions or gamble. The railway company, which is a British concern and ordinarily takes little trouble to please its patrons, unbends in this particular by providing tables covered with green cloth for playing cards. One also picks up considerable conversation concerning the events of the day and the private affairs of his fellow travelers. But the dominant theme is invariably the various combinations of the prohibited but immensely popular game of *bicho* — gambling upon the last numbers drawn in the official lotteries, which are designated by the names of animals.

The diplomatic corps discreetly and skillfully distills its savory venoms of petty international jealousy; and with what tireless application! At one time gossip busied itself mainly with the transparent hypocrisies of a plenipotentiary, the excessive décolleté of an ambassadress, and the unpoetic licences of a minister. Last year this circle was all agog over the adventurous history of an Egerian nymph nicknamed 'the diplomatic moth,' the source of a pearl necklace, and the Bacchic contraband of a certain minister. This year the piquant note has been the feud between an ambassador and his counselor, which ended in a sensational dénouement where the latter official was declared persona non grata and committed to an insane asylum — which shows that madmen may win distinction in the diplomatic career.

There is one remote corner of this mountain city where the laughter and chatter of its smiling villas and gardens do not penetrate — it is the pretty little valley where the white cemetery of Petropolis lies. That tiny valley forms an amphitheatre accessible only through a narrow passage between two mountain buttresses, draped with such an exuberance of vegetation that Nature seems purposely to have made herself the guardian of its eternal repose. The crosses and headstones and columns and chapels are gradually climbing from the floor of the valley up the adjacent declivities, and some already crown the overlooking heights.

At a short distance from this Valley of the Dead lies the longer 'Valley of Westphalia,' through which the highway to the State of Minas Geraes runs. In this valley, on the left bank of the river that courses through it, stands a little white palace of modest design. It occupies a secluded angle, in a garden filled with flowers. This was the home of the Baron Rio Blanco, the greatest modern statesman of Brazil, to whose diplomatic skill his country owes 50,000 square kilometres of territory. In this villa the distinguished diplomat drafted the Treaty of Petropolis, which ended a protracted and threatening controversy between his country and her Andean neighbors, and confirmed his Government's title to the vast realm of Acre. But that solitary villa in the valley of Westphalia bears no inscription commemorating either the Treaty or its negotiator. The gratitude of Republics!

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IN THE HOME OF THE LIVING BUDDHA

BY BERNHARD WAURICK

From *Berliner Tageblatt, September* 14
(LIBERAL DAILY)

[THE writer of this article was living in Urga when the Living Buddha died and northern Mongolia was proclaimed a 'democratic republic.']

THE downfall of the Manchu dynasty in the year 1912 brought about a marked slackening in relations between Mongolia and China, since the new Chinese republican régime, weakened by internal strife, had to yield to the whims of its northern neighbor, Russia, while the Mongolians themselves found theoretical justification for breaking away, because they felt their only link with China to be the personal bond of common vassalship to the Manchu Emperor. The Bogdykhan of Urga, who on the ground of his ecclesiastical position — and thanks also to his personal qualities, helped out by Russian interests which corresponded to his own — had been called to rule Mongolia, now a sovereign State, was able, in spite of all the changes that have taken place during the last ten years, to maintain his position until his death last June. After he died even the State of Genghiz Khan — which for the last thousand years might well have been regarded as the strongest and most vigorous example of monarchist government — took its place among the republics.

In order to understand this combination of worldly and religious leadership in a single hand — a system which the dead ruler, in a proclamation on the occasion of his crowning in the year 1912, specifically praised as the ideal and *dernier cri* of political wisdom — one must consider the underlying ideas of such a politico-religious State as Mongolia.

The Bogdykhan, who makes his residence in Urga, the chief city of the Mongolian steppes, is the spiritual overlord of the Mongolian religious province among the faithful of Lamaistic Buddhism. As Chubil Khan, incarnation of the Chabtsun-Damba — the title of one of the chief scholars of the Great Buddha Sakyamuni — he takes rank after the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama, the two highest Tibetan religious princes in one of the first places of the Lamaistic hierarchy and in the veneration of the believers in northern Buddhism. To this fact primarily, and also to a genuine personal adroitness during the last fifteen years, which have been very eventful for Mongolia, is to be ascribed the fact that the late Bogdykhan came politically further to the front than any of his predecessors. One may indeed regard him as the leader in the development of the continental Far East — by which I mean the uplands and steppe territory chiefly settled by Tibetan and Mongolian nomads, as well as by Chinese peasant colonists, where Russia, England, Japan, and the Central Government at Peking, as neighbors and interested parties, struggle to gain influence with the most powerful figures on this political chessboard. These include chiefly the higher dignitaries of the Lamaistic Church and some of those Chinese military governors who during the last fifteen years have achieved prac-

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tical independence, especially the tuchuns of Mukden and Urumtetsi.

The deceased Bogdykhan of Urga was one of them, and he was also the twenty-third reincarnation of one of the scholars of the Great Buddha himself. The reincarnations of this apostle of the Buddhist Church — if I may call him so — first manifested themselves in northern India, and later in Tibet. The fifteenth in the succession came to Mongolia, — at the invitation, it is said, of the people, who had then but recently been converted to Lamaism, — erected several cloisters with the help and protection of the Emperor at Peking, and died after sundry pious deeds. The sixteenth reincarnation then took place in Chalcha in northern Mongolia in the year 1635 — that is, half a century after the official introduction of Lamaism in northern Mongolia. This sixteenth reincarnation, a Mongolian, chose the growing city of Urga for his residence.

Thus run the reports, which we may interpret in some such way as this: In Lassa, the centre of the Lamaistic Church, granting the holy presence of one of the highest incarnations to territory newly won for the faith was regarded as both fair and expedient. In the minds of the first Manchu emperors in Peking, who also favored such a step, the decisive thought was that, having once begun to gain influence in Mongolia, they could draw the country closer to them by means of the old and tried method of political influence through the religious authorities.

As the first fifteen reincarnations are distributed over a period of more than two thousand years, the gaps — for it is impossible to think that each of these chosen individuals lived for a hundred and fifty years or more — are explained on the theory that a great many reincarnations must have taken place in some other world, in order to spread beneficent activity there as well as here. The first and second incarnations to dwell in Urga were Mongolians, the rest had their incarnations in Tibet.

This is regarded as a wise measure on the part of the Chinese Government, which sought to save the country from the internal struggles that might arise if a child destined for so influential a position as the Bogdykhan were taken from some particular province or some particular class. It is said that even to-day two of the princely houses of northern Mongolia are still at odds in a feud which arose when the second Bogdykhan was chosen. It is more probable, however, that the real basis for this policy is to be found in Peking's own interests. The constant threats on the eastern and western frontiers of Mongolia during the sixteenth century, while Mongolia was still independent, on account of which the Mongolian chieftains placed themselves under the leadership of the Manchu dynasty, had ceased; and Peking feared lest a movement for national liberation among the Mongolians might find a unifying centre and leadership more easily under a Bogdykhan of Mongolian birth.

Even the Bogdykhan who recently died was a Tibetan, for it was in the family of the director of the economic section, an official in the retinue of the Dalai Lama in Lassa, that Chabtsun-Damba Hutuktu had his twenty-third reincarnation. Since 1874 the late Hutuktu had lived in Urga, where he grew up to his rôle of leadership under the control of his spiritual instructor, and also under the protection of his father, and later his mother — a Tibetan woman of unpretentious birth but of such great cleverness and personal tact that she held an influential position until her death.

The Hutuktu's position is double, being both spiritual and secular. In

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the religious realm he is the head of the Mongolian province of the Church, the highest authority in religious questions, and a decisive influence in the manipulation of the other reincarnations that take place in Mongolia, of which there are about a hundred. To him also belongs the right of nominating the higher dignitaries and abbots of the larger cloisters in so far as these are not matters of birth and reincarnation. As the Buddhist Church has no synod or other representative gatherings with similar functions, he is within his domain an absolute ruler in a religion which plays a larger part than any other in the daily life and existence of the people.

In order, however, to maintain this lofty position there is no necessity for holy living according to European standards, for the simple Mongol makes no such demands upon the object of his veneration. One does, to be sure, encounter among the Mongolian lamas men of great moral purity and men of a culture which, though not very profound, is none the less extremely interesting — men who rise far above the level of morality and culture prevailing in their country. There are whole groups of monks who assemble in some lonely spot in the Mongolian steppes, carrying still further the ideal of isolation, and there lead an ascetic life. But these are exceptions. The ordinary lama is a man, and nothing human is alien to him — neither wine, nor women, nor business affairs which, with an eye to greater profits, usually have a taint of fraud about them somewhere. This holds true not merely for the lower spiritual authorities, but even for the great holy men of the church. Three of the eight Bogdykhans who have dwelt in Urga since the Mongolians accepted Buddhism — the fifth, the seventh, and the eighth who has just died — have especially distinguished themselves by their unusually dissolute lives.

The fifth died as a result of his way of life, and the last Bogdykhan suffered greatly from his dissipation. It is no wonder, for in his youth he was fond of noisy feasts and drinking bouts, especially in the company of the Siberian merchants settled in Urga. In his maturer years he officially married one of his concubines, whom he even crowned, after the Chinese revolution of 1912, as his legitimate wife. The romantic turn that the fancies of these world-abjuring individuals in the waste steppes of Mongolia may take is shown by the example of another great holy man of the Church, Nabrakhan-Khan, whose cloister is located not far from Uliassutai, one of the three chief cities of northern Mongolia. This holy man, on his way to one of the drinking bouts with the merchants in which he loved to indulge, once drove into the city of Uliassutai on a cart drawn by five women of the Mongolian half-world, quite innocent of vesture, and after many pranks finally demanded the hand of his daughter from the Chinese military governor. But as such goings-on, even thirty years ago, were a trifle too scandalous, some lamas who had the reputation of the Church at heart translated His Holiness from life to death with the help of a glass of poison.

Besides their way of life, the position of the lamas suffers especially from their eagerness for worldly goods. The Bogdykhan who recently died gave the faithful a particularly good example in this matter. The money that flowed to him as Prince of the Church and as state official was not enough, and so he became a silent partner in the big Chinese importing and exporting firm of Lun-Chei-Jui. His first wife, who, in sharp contrast with his second wife whom he left a widow, also had political interests, was not willing to be less en-

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terprising than her husband, and became a stockholder in the firm of Tian-De-Chau. Of course, the lamas of lower rank follow suit. They do business, speculate, and lend money at interest. A few years ago one of these world-abandoners founded an automobile line running from Urga to Kalgan and Khailar.

Not long ago I myself had opportunity for frequent association with such a Lamaistic business man. He was the possessor of numerous herds of sheep and camels, and the ownership of these so-called ships of the desert involved the management of a freight business which was often highly profitable. He passed in the business world of Urga as a very clever merchant, well informed on the course of the market. He maintained a beautiful house and a somewhat less beautiful wife, who posed officially as his younger sister. Besides his yellow priestly robe he had, in token of his spiritual functions, a magnificent chapel, whither he went regularly morning and evening, officially for meditation, but unofficially for a contemplative little nap.

All kinds of childish whims are attributed to the late Bogdykhan. The discoveries of European technology are said to have especially caught his fancy — such things as pianos, automobiles, phonographs, or surgical instruments, which last he tried out on his unfortunate subjects.

Many of the anecdotes about the Hutuktu of Urga have been somewhat exaggerated by his people. He had in the course of his life periods of great activity and serious interest in the events of his time. He played, for example, a very adroit part at the time when the Dalai Lama dwelt in Urga, whither he had fled during the English occupation of Lassa. Although the Bogdykhan, in granting refuge and shelter to the head of the Church who found himself without a home, saw his position strengthened both with that dignitary and with the faithful as a whole, he also soon saw the difficulties which resulted from such unselfish action. In order to receive the blessing of the Dalai Lama while he dwelt in Urga — which in ordinary circumstances could be gained only after toilsome marches, lasting a month at a time, over the Tibetan plateau to Lassa — huge throngs of pilgrims from Mongolia and Eastern Siberia streamed to Urga, which naturally implied a great reduction in the offerings made to the Bogdykhan.

It is easy to understand why the Mongolian women came in throngs to gaze upon the countenance of the incarnation of the Bodhisatva Avalokiteshvara, for in that way they would acquire merit and enter the world as men in their next incarnations. That, for a Mongolian woman, is a real gain, since, besides the duty of bearing frequent children, all the labor of the house devolves upon her, as well as the duty of earning the greater part of the livelihood.

When the Russians were successful in their policy of separating Mongolia from China during the confusion of the Chinese revolution of 1912 they favored the Hutuktu's claim to become head of a sovereign Mongolia. His clever handling of men enabled him to silence the opposition of some of the Mongolian princes who supported Peking. He also showed great cleverness in coming safely through the transitory Chinese attack in 1918, during which he was under espionage, and later in surviving the White Russian period, when Baron Ungern-Sternberg hoped to make use of him for his own Pan-Buddhistic plans, and courted him on that account.

Finally, he succeeded in maintaining his position in the face of the present Government — which then consisted

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of a party with a programme of national liberation from China and of internal reform; and to remain the head of the country even though only in form. Many Mongolians boasted of this monarchical headship simply because it was so purely formal in character, claiming that their Government was closest to the English system, which is the model of all constitutions. Now, however, the death of the Bogdykhan has done away with this similarity between the oldest and youngest constitutional governments, for on the eighth of last July, amid great festivities in Urga which included a parade of the newly formed army, Mongolia was proclaimed a republic.

It was interesting to observe in Urga, during the month of June, how the death of the Bogdykhan affected internal political affairs. The present administration, with its programme of progress and thorough-going reforms in education, economics, and administration, could then boast only a small number of acknowledged supporters, who were organized in two parties with something less than a thousand members. They were expecting some kind of revolt by the reactionaries, but the latter — who consist mainly of the higher lamas among the dead ruler's subordinate dignitaries — did not succeed in arousing the populace sufficiently to swing them over from religion into politics.

In the days immediately following his death, crowds of people thronged in front of the winter palace in Urga to receive once more the blessing of the dead Bogdykhan. This took place in the following manner: Out of the house in which the dead dignitary lay, hung a beautifully braided rope as thick as your finger. At its further end a leather pendulum about as big as a clock's dangled from a bundle of varicolored silk *chataks*, or sacred prayer cloths. Each believer walked under the end of the cord, receiving a whack on the head which meant that the blessing of the Bogdykhan himself had passed over to his faithful follower. Of course the individual thus blessed had to express his gratitude on the spot, either in money or in merchandise.

In contrast with the simple burial customs of ordinary Mongolians, who are usually eaten up by the dogs, the body of the Chubil Khan was embalmed by a process which lasted a month, and was then arranged in the attitude of a Buddha and artistically gilded so that it could be preserved forever.

In general the lamas and the ordinary Mongolians seemed to be depressed but calm. The monks from the Dsun-dechore did not go about the streets during the first days after his death, but spent their time in prayer and meditation. The lamas from the cloister of Gadan, however, walked the streets spreading the most incredible rumors. The difference in their behavior is explained by the fact that the lamas of one of the two great cloisters of Urga, which house many thousands of monks, had found themselves in opposition to the Bogdykhan.

Inevitably the simple people, in such a time, snatched eagerly at fabulous tales. The story was spread, for example, that the Bogdykhan was not dead at all, but that his resurrection, not in a spiritual but in a material sense, would soon occur. The conservative element held that the Bogdykhan had perished to redeem the sins of the people, because in recent years they had been far too much addicted to drinking, to tobacco smoking, — which had included the victory of the cigarette over the pipe, — and to fashion. Fashion was represented in Urga by soft gray-felt hats—especially affected by schoolgirls of the girls' high school — which,

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thanks to the activity of a Chinese firm, had been salved from European job lots. A political ring opposed to the new Government maintained that the Bogdykhan had died for the sins of the Nationalist party and for their immorality — that is their new ideas and their reforms. Here as everywhere stories of the good old times are spread, but all these catchwords did not avail much. What the reactionaries chiefly needed was a pretender whom their propaganda might do some good. The young widow whom the Bogdykhan left behind him was quite uninterested in such matters, in contrast with her predecessor in the married state with the Bogdykhan, Ehe Dagni, who had been very ambitious and, as I said before, a good business woman. It may be several months before a male child is found somewhere on whom will be recognized the signs of the twenty-fourth reincarnation of Chabtsun-Damba Hutuktu.

It is significant that it is already known that this time the new incarnation will appear in Mongolia itself. Several years ago one heard that the Japanese — who at that time believed themselves near the realization of their great schemes of expansion deep into the Asiatic continent — would present a candidate for the reincarnation.

This time, however, the newly appearing twenty-fourth reincarnation will be clothed only in ecclesiastic dignities. The present Government has given explicit evidence of this by its action when it liquidated the estate of the Bogdykhan. All objects relating to the religious cult were reserved for the new Bogdykhan, whereas all objects gained by the worldly undertakings of the dead leader were declared State property. These included a miniature zoölogical garden, whose inhabitants were either devoted to purposes more useful than merely being looked at, or else vanished altogether. Only a wide-eared elephant, growing somewhat thinner, a last witness to the bygone whims and magnificence of the Prince, now seeks his nourishment in common with woolly yaks and broadtailed sheep on the scanty meadows about Urga.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

From the *Modern Review, October*
(Calcutta Literary and Current-Affairs Monthly)

If fifty years ago some prophet had come and told me that I was to be invited to a meeting of the teachers of Japan to discuss my ideas of education, it would have startled even the imagination of a poet. For I suppose some of you at least know that, since I was thirteen, I have hardly ever been inside an educational institution until latterly, when I have my reputation as a poet and am invited to lecture.

Thus, when I felt it my duty to start a school for the children, I had hardly any experience of education. This was possibly an advantage for me. Not being tied down by cut and dried doctrines of education, I had to find my own experience through ex-

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periment and failure. I was made intensely conscious when I was young of what was wrong in education. It drove me away from school, and it was that which made me decide, when quite old, to found an institution where some of these mistakes should not be made — mistakes from which I had suffered as a boy.

When, at about the age of five, I was forced to attend school, my whole heart rose in rebellion against an arrangement where there was no tinge of color, no play of life, where the lessons had no context with their surroundings, and where I was banished from that paradise, to which I had been born, where Nature dwells full of beauty — and this for no crime but that of being born ignorant. I was banished into a cage where education was provided from outside as birds are fed. My whole heart felt the indignity of such treatment, even though I was so young.

Our system of education refuses to admit that children are children. Children are punished because they fail to behave like grown-up people and have the impertinence to be noisily childish. Their educators do not know, or they refuse to acknowledge, that this childishness is Nature's own provision and that the child through its restless mind and movements should always come into touch with new facts and stumble upon new information. Thus the child becomes a battle-ground between the schoolmaster and Mother Nature herself.

The schoolmaster is of opinion that the best means of educating a child is by concentration of mind, but Mother Nature knows that the best way is by dispersion of mind. When we were children, we came to gather facts by such scattering of mental energy, through unexpected surprises. The surprise gave us that shock which was needed to make us intensely conscious of the facts of life, of the world. Facts must come fresh to children to startle their minds into full activity. But such activity itself was held to be intolerable by the schoolmaster who reigned in the class I was compelled to attend. The master insisted that I should have to be passive, and my mind rebelled every moment; for Mother Nature encouraged me never to accept this tyranny from that man.

It is the utter want of purpose in child life which is important. In adult age, having made our life a bundle of a few definite purposes, we exclude all facts outside their boundaries. Our purpose wants to occupy all the mind's attention for itself, obstructing the full view of most of the things around us; it cuts a narrow bed for our deliberate mind which seeks its end through a restricted passage. The child, because it has no conscious object of life beyond living, can see all things around it, can hear every sound with a perfect freedom of attention, not having to exercise choice in the collection of information. It gives full rein to its restlessness, which leads its mind into knocking against knowledge. Like a stream going over pebbles, it hurls itself against obstructions, and through them finds more and more velocity.

But the schoolmaster, as I have said, has his own purpose. He wants to mould the child's mind according to his ready-made doctrines and therefore wants to rid the child's world of everything that he thinks will go against his purpose. He excludes the whole world of color, of movement, of life, from his education scheme, and snatching the helpless creature from the mother-heart of Nature, shuts it in his prison-house, feeling sure that imprisonment is the surest method of improving the child mind. This happens only because he himself is a

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grown-up person who, when he wants to educate himself, has to take the deliberate course of choosing his own subject and material. Therefore he naturally thinks that in educating children that kind of choice is good which is exclusive, that children should attain special facts and that they should have a special manner of acquiring facts. He does not understand that the adult mind in many respects not only differs from, but is contrary to, the child mind.

It is like forcing upon the flower the mission of the fruit. The flower has to wait for its chances. It has to keep its heart open to the sunlight and to the breeze, to wait its opportunity for some insect to come seeking honey. The flower lives in a world of surprises, but the fruit must close its heart in order to ripen its seed. It must take a different course altogether. For the flower the chance coming of an insect is a great event, but for the fruit its intrusion means an injury. The adult mind is a fruit mind and it has no sympathy for the flower mind. It thinks that by closing up the child mind from outside, from the heart of Nature and from the world of surprise, it can enable it to attain true maturity. It is through this tyranny of the adult mind that the children are everywhere suffering, and when I was about forty I thought I must save some of them, so far as lay in my power, from these mistakes made by prudent people of adult age.

There is no room for surprises in the schoolroom, only the perfect symmetry which can be of non-life. Every morning, exactly on the stroke of the clock, the pupil must attend school, must come to a particular class, to hear the same subject taught by the same teacher of forbidding aspect. Exactly at a particular hour he recovers his freedom. The holidays are all on the calendar long beforehand, and everything is mechanically prearranged.

This is all right for grown-up people. It is profitable for a business man to be steady and punctual in his work, in his routine. It is even enjoyable when he has a prevision of the profit at the end of the month; he is rewarded when he finds something at its market value.

But the child has no such reward of expectation. From day to day, from month to month, he goes on through the routine, not knowing what he is to get from his unmeaning sufferings. At the end of the year he comes to the terrible trial of examinations. Then comes injustice, for boys who work hard, but fail to get full marks, are deprived of the reward of their labor, the consolation of the prize. This is a cruel slavery in which to drill the child mind. It is demoralizing. It exacts perfect obedience at the cost of individual responsibility and initiative of mind.

Has it any great or real value? We are saved from trouble when the children, who have their restless wings given them by Nature, are at last put into this cage. But we kill that spirit of liberty in their mind, the spirit of adventure, which we all bring with us into the world — the spirit that every day seeks for new experiences. This freedom is absolutely necessary for the intelligent growth of the mind, as well as for the moral nature of children.

Eventually the whole scheme goes wrong; the police have to come and take the place of conscience. We are drilling prisoners for our prison-houses, imbeciles for our lunatic asylums; we are killing the mind of the children by crushing their inherent power of gathering facts for themselves, by generalization and analysis, through breaking things and being naughty. This spirit of naughtiness is the greatest

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gift the child of man brings with him.

When I started my school I was fortunate in having almost all the naughty boys from the neighborhood and even from distant parts of the country. Because our parents were not used to sending their boys to boarding-schools, only the most intractable boys came; so that I had an interesting gathering of just those children who are most preached against in the Sunday-school books.

Who were these naughty boys? Those who had a special gift of energy which the whole spirit of discipline prevailing in respectable society could not wholly still into passivity. Therefore they were considered troublesome, and therefore the parents often asked me to punish them — even when they did nothing wrong. They believed in the code of punishment itself as though it were some bitter medicine for the liver, a regular dose of which was good for the moral health of wicked boys.

But you must know that vigor and energy are Nature's best gifts to children, and there is always a fight between this vigor and the code of respectability in our civilized homes. Through this eternal conflict have been born all kinds of aberration and real wickedness, through an unnatural repression of what is natural and good in itself.

I never used any coercion or punishment against my unruly boys. Most of us think that in order to punish boys who are wicked a restraint of their freedom is necessary. But restriction itself is the cause of Nature's going wrong. When mind and life are given full freedom they achieve health. I adopted the system of freedom-cure, if I can give it the name. The boys were allowed to run about, to climb difficult trees, and often to come to grief in their falls. They would get drenched out in the rain; they would swim in the pond. Through Nature's own method a cure came to these boys who were considered wholly bad, and when they returned home their parents were surprised to find the immense change effected.

Freedom is not merely in unrestricted space and movement. There is such a thing as unrestricted human relationship, which is also necessary for the children. They have this freedom of relationship with their mother, though she is much older in age — in fact through her human love she feels no obstruction in their communion of hearts, and the mother almost becomes a comrade to her children. This gift of love which Nature has given the mother is absolutely necessary for children, because this love is freedom; and so I felt, in this Institution, that our young pupils who came away from their mothers should have their freedom of relationship with their teachers.

I became the playmate of my students and shared their life completely. When I had a few, I was almost the only teacher they had, and yet they were not frightened at the disparity of age between them and myself. They felt the spirit of home in this place. What is the spirit of the home? It is the natural kinship of a boy with his brothers, his family, and the resulting atmosphere in which the heart finds its full amount of space.

Most teachers do not know that in order to teach boys they have to be boys. Unfortunately schoolmasters are obsessed with the consciousness of their dignity as grown-up persons and as learned men, and therefore they always try to burden the children with their grown-up manners and their learned manners, and that hurts the mind of the students unnecessarily.

I try to let them realize that though

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we have our difference of age, yet, like wayfarers, we are traveling the same path together — old and young, we are working for the same goal. It is not that we, the teachers, have reached that goal and they the pupils are immensely away from us. This immensity of difference is a frightful thing. It should never be allowed to work on the minds of children.

There is a lack of living growth in our educational institutions. These institutions are things completed. They are made with iron bars and skillfully built for the accommodation of children within them. But I wanted to let the boys feel that it was not their cage but their nest — that is to say, they also had to take part in building it themselves. The edifice of education should be our common creation — not only the teachers', not only the organizers', but also the students'. The boys must give part of their life to build it up and feel that they are living in a world which is their very own — and that is the best freedom which man can have.

If we live in an arrangement which is not our own but which is made by somebody else, however wise he may be, it is no real world of freedom for us. For our creative mind craves expression for itself in building its own world. I wanted to give that satisfaction to my students, and to give them freedom to manage their own affairs as much as was possible. I always urged them to realize that this school was not mine, but theirs; that the school was not completed — that it waited for its completion through their coöperation; that they had come to learn, by collaborating with their teacher. And I think that students in my institution understood my idea, and because they understood it they developed an intense love for this institution, which they always take occasion to visit, after they have left it, whenever they find time and opportunity.

I had to consider these significant facts: The birds and animals and men are born with an active mind which seeks its freedom. This activity which they bring with them seeks its world of freedom for its self-education. Then it also has its activity of heart, which seeks for its freedom in the natural relationship of sympathy. Then also it has its activity of soul, which seeks its opportunity to create the world for itself — a world of freedom. All these we have to keep in mind in our effort to educate children.

This active mind of theirs must not be thwarted by constant imposition from outside; and their active heart must not be restricted through the unsympathetic obstruction of artificial relationship; and the active creative will must not be allowed to dwindle away into utter passivity through want of opportunity. So in my institution I try to make provision for these three aspects of freedom — freedom of mind, freedom of heart, and freedom of will.

I have a deep-rooted conviction that only through freedom can man attain his fullness of growth, and when we restrict that freedom it means that we have some purpose of our own which we impose on the children, and we have not in mind Nature's own purpose of giving the child its fullness of growth. When we want to have more leaves from a tree we try to train it in such a manner as to suppress its function of producing flowers and fruit, and divert all its energy to producing leaves; but that does not really give completeness of life to the tree.

If we have some purpose expressed through our educational institutions — that children should be developing into patriots, practical men, soldiers, bankers — then it may be necessary that we shall put them through the mechani-

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cal drill of obedience and discipline. But that is not the fullness of life, not the fullness of humanity. He who knows that Nature's own purpose is to make the boy a full man when he grows up — full in all directions, mentally and mainly spiritually — he who realizes this brings up the child in the atmosphere of freedom. Unfortunately we have our human weaknesses, and we have our love of power, and some teachers — most schoolmasters — have that inherent love of power and they find a field for its exercise upon these helpless children.

I have noticed this fact, that those teachers who pride themselves on being disciplinarians are really born tyrants, as so many men are, and in order to give outlet to their inherent lust for tyranny they make use of these helpless children and impose on them their own code of behavior. They try to crush their minds with tasks which are lifeless, which are mechanical, which kill the intellectual mind, the fresh mind. They impose all kinds of torture because these tyrants take pleasure in the very sight of it, and such a great opportunity for such enjoyment they can never hope to attain outside their school premises.

This is not only torture and misery for the pupils, but it causes the greatest mischief possible in the human world — this choice of the schoolmaster's profession by people who ought to have for their vocation that of executioner or prison-warder or something of that kind. An immense amount of sympathy and understanding and imagination are needed to bring up human children. They are not produced and trained for some purposes of display; they are not dancing bears or monkeys. They are human beings, with the treasure of their mind and their spirit. And that work should never be left to the care of a person who has no imagination, no real sympathy for children, who cannot be a child. He who has lost the child in himself is absolutely unfit for this great work of educating children.

Unfortunately for me, the language I am using is not yours nor mine, and it is taking a long time. I cannot go fully into details about my system and manner of education owing to this obstruction. But I have given you the general principles of the education which I believe to be true, and it is this — that as God Himself finds His own freedom in His own creation and then His nature is fulfilled, human beings have to create their own world and then they can have their freedom. And for that they must be trained, not to be soldiers, not to be clerks in a bank, not to be merchants but to be the makers of their own world and their own destiny. And for that they must have all their faculties fully developed in the atmosphere of freedom.

We who only believe in book education distort the minds of those boys who have their natural gift of teaching themselves through their work, through their direct observation. We force them to accept book lessons, and by doing it we kill for good their power to create their own world. This is happening to most of the human boys. We impose upon them our ideas, even those already secondhand for us.

That to create our own world has been the purpose of God, we see when we find that even as children we had our one and only pleasure in that play where, with trifling materials, we gave expression to our imagination. That is more valuable to us as children than gold or bank notes or anything else. The same thing is true with regard to every human individual. We forget this value of the individual creative power because our minds become obsessed with the artificial value which

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is made prevalent in society by other peoples' valuation of a particular manner of living, a particular style of respectability. We force ourselves to accept that imposition and we kill the most precious gift that God has given us, the gift of creation, which comes from His own nature.

God is creator, and as His children we men and women also have to be creators. But that goes against the purposes of the tyrant, of the schoolmaster, of school boards, of most governments, who want the children to grow up according to the pattern which they have set for them.

ANGELO, THE STONECUTTER

BY VLADIMIR NAZOR

[THE following story is taken from a volume of tales by this prominent Croat writer, recently published at Zagreb.]

RETURNING home from school on summer afternoons I not infrequently loitered along the ridge road that led from Malo-selo to the port, where we lived. I would crawl through the bushes, climb trees, make a round of inspection of the half-dozen bird-nests I knew, and sometimes spend a while contemplating some ant colony. Here was a world that fascinated me exceedingly.

But that was not all. There was something else that drew and held me there. At a certain turn of the road I could hear a sound, or rather sounds, that came from somewhere far off. They were rich, resonant, soft, yet sharp, distinct sounds. They were not those of a bell or an axe, a hoe or a mattock. They remotely suggested the ringing of a gold coin on a marble table-top I had once heard.

I wondered. Sitting in the classroom I often tried to conjecture where the sounds came from. I thought about it in church, and even dreamed about it. I inquired of my family, but no one had a solution.

When school ended in July I stopped going to Malo-selo; and during the distractions of vacation, I gradually forgot about the mystery. When the school opened in September, however, I approached the teacher during the intermission one day, after I had again heard the mysterious sounds on the previous afternoon, and asked him if he could not explain them to me.

'What kind of sounds?' he asked. 'You always were a funny sort of chap.'

That afternoon I again loitered on the ridge. I sat upon a rock and tried to ignore all sounds but those rich, soft, metallic notes from the distance. Yes, someone was tapping or knocking on something, no doubt on stone. And the fellow was doubtless strong and persevering, or he could not have kept it up. He had probably been at it ever since I had first heard him early in the summer.

An old villager from Veliko-selo came toward me and I decided to ask him about it.

'Who is that tapping?' I said.

The old man stopped and listened.

'I don't hear as well as I used to.'

'The sound comes from way off somewhere,' I said. 'Hear it?'

'Oh yes,' — the villager swung his

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arm indifferently, — 'that 's from the quarry down by the sea. They 're cutting stone.' And he went on.

Stonecutters in the quarry by the sea! I knew those men. Nearly every morning I saw them gather on the wharf, board a little launch, and go to the quarry. I had heard people say they were stonecutters. An hour before sundown they usually returned to the port and went home. They were probably on the way back now, or maybe were just getting into port.

But one of them apparently stayed in the quarry, working late, and I wondered why. Maybe he was working far into the night, all alone in the quarry. How that chisel sang on the stone! And this, so far as I knew, was the only place where it could be heard. I wondered what he was making.

I began to scheme how to get to the quarry. The place, I had heard, was inaccessible by land, and I knew the stonecutters would not let me go with them in the launch. So the next day I dragged out of our cellar a tub-like little skiff, scarcely longer than I was tall. I had to fix the oars and soak the dried-out bottom. And, besides, the sea was rather rough. So I waited another day. Early next morning I slipped away from home and set out in my noble craft in the general direction of the quarry on the other side of the bay. I realized that I was playing truant, but that did not worry me much. I was going to see the man in the quarry!

I rowed rapidly, keeping close to shore so that the people in port could not see me as easily, and the little flat-bottomed skiff, rocking and bouncing on the choppy surface, sped on merrily. After a while, when I began to feel tired, I stopped rowing and noticed that I was out of sight of the port and quite close to the entrance of the bay. I had expected the quarrymen from the village to come after me in their boat, but I could not see them anywhere. The shore-line was high and rocky, but the quarry was not in sight.

All of a sudden I caught the sound. *Tok! tok! tok!*

It was he, the stonecutter! How clear, full, and strong was the sound! The whole bay was full of it, and it echoed from beyond the opposite side. Without waiting to rest, I resumed my rowing, heading straight for the sounds.

It had occurred to me several times during the morning that danger might lurk in the dark, sinister-looking clouds that hung above the bay and threatened to obscure the ascending sun, but now I gave them no further thought. My young arms ached; there was a blister on one of my palms; but with that sound ringing all about me I grew stronger at every pull of the oars and happier every time my skiff collided with a wave.

Finally I reached the quarry, perspiring and breathless. There was a little wharf; beyond it, huge piles of boulders and slabs of finished stone. I landed and tied my skiff.

How can I describe my amazement, my joy, at what I saw there! There were stone steps, doorsills, gravestones, crosses, fountains, table-tops!

Tok! tok! — from somewhere above me.

I walked on, and presently found myself in a round depression against which there loomed a mass of stone — a solid, rough wall of white rock. The place was covered with white dust and chips, while all round were scattered finished and half-finished products of the stonecutter's art. A few paces from the quarry stood a little stone house. Here too everything was white with dust, which glistened in the sunshine and made me blink my eyes.

No one was visible, but the sound of the chisel was nearer, apparently back

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of the house, and I tiptoed thither.

On turning the corner I suddenly beheld a great white form gleaming in the sunshine — a huge horseman sitting upon an immense horse, hewn out of white marble. The sun shone directly into my eyes, and it was some time before I saw the little man who was cutting it with a chisel and hammer.

Then I recognized him. It was Angelo — stonecutter Angelo, a small, thin Italian, who had come to Veliko-selo several years before from God-knew-where in Italy, got himself a hut, learned a little of our language, and finally married one of our Croatian women. The people of Veliko-selo considered him one of themselves. He had the reputation of being the best stonecutter in the village. I had often talked with him; he liked me because I understood a little Italian, and could even converse with him in his own language.

'Angelo!' I cried.

He turned and gave me an angry look.

'Whom did you come with?'

'No one; I came alone.'

He continued to regard me with profound displeasure; but as he noticed with what wonder and admiration I gazed upon his work, his dark little face gradually lighted up.

The statue was nearly completed — at least I thought so. The hind part of the horse was still rough, unfinished, but the horseman and the rest of the horse were perfect to my uncritical eyes. The horseman was a heroic figure, with a magnificent head, a noble, strong face; his chin rested on his broad, deep chest, and he gazed thoughtfully before him.

'He looks almost alive,' I said.

Angelo smiled; my words pleased him. 'You think so, eh?' And he applied his chisel to the horse's flank.

'And the horse, too, looks as if he might walk away any minute,' I added.

Angelo was all smiles, too happy to say anything.

'Say, Angelo, who is he?' I asked then.

He stopped working and looked at me astonished. His eyes blinked, his lips trembled.

'Don't you know?' he asked weakly. 'You don't know him? Oh, well, sure — how could you know, poor child! It is *he! he!*'

'Who?'

'Giuseppe Garibaldi!' answered Angelo solemnly.

I was embarrassed; the name was new to me.

'You poor kid!' exclaimed Angelo. 'In Italy every child knows all about him — Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Lion of Caprera, the Commander of the Red Shirts, the Liberator of Italy!'

'But he has no sword, no gun,' I remarked.

'Ha, ha! You people can't imagine a hero without a sword or a gun. All you know is the Austrian gendarmes. *Povero piccolo!*'

'No,' I protested; 'we have a hero, too — Kralyevich Marko.'

Angelo thought awhile before answering.

'I know. I've heard about him. But, my boy, he and Garibaldi are two different things.'

'Kralyevich Marko was a great hero,' I insisted. 'He was strong and brave and rode on the piebald Sharats. He was in love with an elf, and if he wanted a drink of wine he took it straight from the skin which hung from his saddle. He swung a mace that no other man could even lift. He was invincible and —'

'Sure, I know,' he interrupted. 'Stories, beautiful stories, like those about Rinaldo. Just stories, my boy, nothing else. But Garibaldi! A man of flesh and blood, the same as you and I. He could be hungry and thirsty and

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could feel the cold. He drank water and ate common black bread. And he was not a *kralyevich* (prince) but a son of the people.'

'What did he do?'

'He put fire into the hearts of youth. He raised soldiers and led them. He fought like a lion. He won and lost battles. He fled. He suffered hunger, thirst, cold, treason, misery. Perhaps he wept when he was alone.'

'Yes, and — '

'And finally he liberated his country, our Italy. He united his people and presented the crown to a king, while he himself went back to his farm to till the soil and grow crops. Others wore his honors and enjoyed the fruits of his victory, while he died like an ordinary man, alone, quietly. Now he is our hero, the hero of common people like me. Look at him! I put him on horseback because he had always liked to ride a horse when something pained or worried him.'

While listening to Angelo I had not noticed that the sun had disappeared behind the clouds. All of a sudden there was a flash of lightning, then a crash of thunder, and a strong wind began to blow.

'How are you going to get home now?' asked Angelo, his expression changing to deep concern. 'It 's going to storm.'

I did n't know what I was going to do.

'You can stay with me. I 'll take care of you.'

And he took me with him to the little stone house.

Inside the house I was much interested in the numerous pictures — clippings from newspapers and magazines — that were pasted all over the walls. All of them represented the man whose statue at that moment stood outside in the storm. One showed him on horseback, in a pose not unlike that of the statue. In another he was boarding a ship with his soldiers. Then I saw him in his garden, cutting the hedge, bareheaded, his sleeves rolled up; then on his deathbed, with people kneeling and praying around him. Everywhere it was He — Angelo's hero, the strong, proud Garibaldi.

Meanwhile Angelo set on the table a plate with cheese and bread and a pitcher of water. Then he washed himself in a basin, put on a clean shirt and coat, and stuck a little wild flower in his buttonhole. As he did this he looked at me and smiled.

'This is a great holiday,' he said. '*Venti Settembre* (September twentieth)! Oh, you don't know anything about it. Come here!'

He led me before the largest picture in the room. There I saw a wall with the cupola of a church beyond it, and before it were crowds of young men in red shirts, trying to break in through the gate. But there were soldiers shooting at them from above. The attackers were falling, but they fought on, for in front of them was He, their Leader.

'See? That 's how it was. To-day is the anniversary of this battle. He freed Rome from the Pope on September Twentieth. *Porta Pia! Venti Settembre!*'

'Why did he free it from the Pope?'

'To return it to Italy. Rome is our capital, the capital of the whole world. Eternal Rome! *La città eterna!*'

Angelo was all excited. He walked round the room, explaining to me the various pictures, and every now and then, while the storm raged outside, he would exclaim: —

'Garibaldi! *Roma! La patria!*'

When he calmed down a little, he asked me to sit down and eat with him.

'Yes, to-day I celebrate.'

'All alone,' I put in.

'Ah, the others don't understand. I gave them money to stay away to-day.

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I told them to go to the winehouse in the village and get drunk if they wished. I wanted to be alone with Him. You came, but you understand. Yesterday I finished his head — eyes and mouth. Once I thought he looked at me; then I seemed to hear him say something. I wanted to be alone with him. I did n't want anything to spoil my day. I usually work on him early in the morning before the men come and then in the evening after they leave. I told them that I was making a statue of Saint George and that I would make the dragon and the lance afterward. Ha, ha! They believed me. The other day one of them took his cap off before him. Since I started on him last summer I have been staying in the quarry day and night, so I can work in peace.'

'What are you going to do with him?'

'When I started I did n't think about that, but yesterday, seeing that I succeeded with his face, I got an idea. It made me drunk with happiness!' He hesitated a moment. 'Well, I can tell you, I guess. When I was young I ran away from my home in Venice because a lot of stupid, ignorant people in the neighborhood laughed at my ambition to become a sculptor. "*Angelo mai Michelangelo!*" they called after me on the street. Angelo could never become Michelangelo! (Michelangelo, you know, was a great Italian sculptor.) Now I shall show them. He — Garibaldi — shall avenge me. I shall get a ship to take him to Venice, where I shall then have him placed in the middle of the Square of St. Mark. People shall stare at him. There shall be crowds around him. They shall devour him with their eyes. "Where did he come from? Whose is he?" they shall ask. Then I shall appear and say, "He came from me, Angelo, who had to flee from among you!"'

In the semidarkness of the room swarthy little Angelo seemed to me a great man, and I was immensely proud of his confidence. His voice sounded as I had never heard it before. I could visualize the ship with the white marble statue on the deck. I could see the multitude on the marble square in Venice, massed around the horseman, listening to my friend Angelo who was telling them about the great Liberator and about his own fight for recognition as a sculptor. And my heart beat wildly in my boyish breast.

As the storm continued late into the evening, I had to stay at the quarry overnight. Angelo and I realized that my father and mother would worry about me, but there was no way of communicating with them.

I slept in the same bed with Angelo — rather fitfully, it is true, for I dreamed exciting dreams about my friend and his hero; and next morning — a calm, sunny morning — we rose shortly before the workmen arrived from the port.

Angelo, I noticed, acted toward these men very differently from the way he had toward me. He brusquely ordered one of them to take me back to the village immediately in the workmen's boat.

Angelo helped me into the boat and whispered to me: —

'Don't say anything to anybody about what I was telling you,' and pressed a finger to his lips.

I nodded that I understood, and promised.

When I got home father and mother were too happy to see me safe to punish me. I told them as much about my excursion as I thought necessary, and they forgave me on my assurance that I would never go away alone again.

Many years later I went again to the quarry, but Angelo was there no longer, and his Garibaldi was gone also. I in-

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quired about him, and they told me that upon the completion of the big statue of Saint George — which, they said, had n't looked much like the sainted dragon-slayer — there had come to the quarry three or four Italian gentlemen, art critics, who declared it an unsatisfactory, crude piece of work, and departed.

Poor Angelo! I could imagine how their pronouncement crushed him.

The little Italian, I was further told, thereupon destroyed the statue with dynamite, and after that never worked as a stonecutter again, but loafed around, aimless and miserable. Sometime later, when he heard that an Italian expedition was leaving for Africa, he had his wife make him a red shirt, which he put on, and left the village.

He never returned. They say he fell somewhere in Abyssinia.

GYPSY PHRASES

BY LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

From the *New Statesman, October* 18
(London Labor Weekly)

[Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith is both scholar and journalist. He is the author of an entertaining history of the English language — the adjective cannot be applied indiscriminately to all philological works — and an occasional contributor to the English weeklies. A few years ago his series of 'Trivia' in the *Outlook* were much commented upon.]

Many collections have been made of the folk-proverbs and gnomic sayings which abound in every language, but there is one element of popular speech which has received less attention, although it is to my mind of much greater interest. This element consists of three figurative idioms, as we call them, those hieroglyphs of familiar animals and occupations, and of the acts and attitudes of our own bodies, by means of which we express in images and vividly describe many of the feelings and circumstances and predicaments of our common experience. 'To take the bull by the horns,' 'to let sleeping dogs lie,' 'to rest on one's oars,' 'to be down in the mouth,' 'to make hay while the sun shines' — as soon as one begins to take note of the innumerable little word-pictures of this kind which swarm in our colloquial talk one is in danger of falling a victim to the mania — or *idiomania*, if I may invent the word — of collecting and tracing to their sources these 'gypsy phrases,' as Walter Pater called them. They are well called gypsy phrases, for they live like gypsies in the open air, and many of them, after wandering from land to land, have reached our shores from remote regions. Some are of Eastern origin, especially the hundreds of phrases we owe to the Bible; others descend from Greek and Latin sources; and a large number of what seem our most racy English idioms are the translations or adaptations of French figures of speech. These bor-

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rowed locutions belong for the most part to the common stock of European idiom — to the accumulated treasure of happy discoveries made by uneducated and unknown men and women of linguistic genius, who have crystallized bits of their experience in shining phrases, enshrined them as it were in the amber of words, and coined them into images so apt and vivid that they have become current in the speech of their own country, and have been borrowed thence into the other languages of Europe. Many of our phrases — 'to strike while the iron is hot,' for instance, 'to put all one's eggs in one basket' — are literal translations, but in other cases the unknown benefactors of our language who have enriched our speech with these foreign coins have, in the process of re-minting them in English, stamped them with a brighter sheen. Our 'goose that laid the golden eggs' is a gayer bird, with its alliterative feathers, than the French *poule aux œufs d'or*, and 'to kill two birds with one stone' gives a more vivid picture than *faire d'une pierre deux coups*.

Human speech is never adequate to express the richness of human experience. To give a name to any fragment of it is a triumph for the mind. But it is an even greater triumph when we can embody that fragment in an idiom charged with eager life, which will make it more actual to ourselves and more vivid to those to whom we wish to describe it. Even to adopt and new-mint a foreign phrase for which we have no equivalent, as when Sterne translated the French saying, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' or Dr. Johnson gave an English shape to the Spanish proverb, 'Hell is paved with good intentions,' is to perform a service to the language of no small value; and although our speech has been more enriched than most of us imagine by captures from these foreign reservoirs, I should like to suggest that there are still 'as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it' — plenty of lively and glittering figures which we might borrow and add to the resources of our own language with considerable advantage. Even when we have an idiom of our own to express a certain meaning, we shall often find that meaning more vigorously rendered in a foreign figure; or the foreign idiom may be more poetic, and give to its meaning that enrichment, and gild it with that gleam of beauty, which it is the privilege of words to add to human experience. How much prettier is the German phrase *das Blaue vom Himmel lügen* (to forswear the blue of the sky) than our expression, 'to swear that black is white.' And compare 'to sleep in the open air' with *coucher à la belle étoile*, or the even more beautiful Spanish *dormir en el mesón de la estrella* — 'to sleep in the inn of the star.'

With the greater number of foreign idioms, however, a literal translation will not suffice; they must be re-embodied in the run and rhythm of our speech, given a metallic ring to make them current, and stamped perhaps for this purpose with another image. How can we describe in English *un coup de balai, un rire jaune, un mauvais plaisant*, or translate the useful phrases, *au pied de la lettre, ça coule de source, dans les petites boîtes les bons onguents?* Equally difficult to render in English are the following familiar locutions: *Être dans son assiette, filer doux, chercher midi à quatorze heures, reculer pour mieux sauter, avoir le diable au corps*, and *manger de la vache enragée*.

The French language, as we might expect in the speech of so social and civilized a people, is especially rich in phrases descriptive of the nuances of

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social intercourse for which we have no equivalents: *payer de belles paroles*, for instance, *tenir le crachoir*, for absorbing the conversation, and *rompre les chiens*, for abruptly changing the subject. These phrases are probably familiar to us all, but equally happy inventions can be found in Italian and Spanish and German. Although I do not possess much colloquial knowledge of those languages, I have been reading through some of the current handbooks of their idioms, and will give a few of these locutions, adding in brackets their literal translations and their idiomatic meanings. Perhaps some of my readers with a gift for happy phrasing may be able to embody these meanings, as well as the meanings of the French idioms I have already mentioned, in felicitous chimes of words, and perhaps in different figures, which will give them the English stamp they need to become current among us.

We find in Italian many picturesque and lively phrases in which animals and birds figure. Here are a few of them, with several other vivid Italian idioms: —

Disputar dell' ombra dell' asino: (To argue about the donkey's shadow; to dispute about trifles.)

Aspettare il porco alla quercia: (To wait for the pig at the oak tree; to watch for the favorable opportunity.)

Invitare l'orso alle pere: (To invite the bear to the pears; to urge someone to gratify his inclinations.)

Guastar la coda al fagiano: (To spoil the pheasant's tail; to spoil a story by omitting its point.)

E sparito il merlo: (The blackbird is flown; the chance is gone.)

Calarsi a un lombrico: (To stoop to a worm; to take advantage of the smallest gain.)

Sapere dove il diavolo tiene la coda: (To know where the Devil keeps his tail; to be extremely cunning.)

Toccare il cielo col dito: (To touch the sky with one's finger; to attain one's utmost wish.)

Cercar miglior pan che di grano: (To hunt for better bread than is made of corn; to be difficult to please.)

Battere il noce: (To pound the nut; to weary oneself trying to convince another person.)

Gonfiar gli orecchi: (To make the ears swell; to flatter someone.)

The Spanish language, which has been described as the only language to make love in, possesses some pretty lovers' idioms: 'to drink the airs' for someone (*beber los aires*), for instance; and what could be prettier for a proposal of marriage than *decir su dolor* — 'to tell one's woe'? Spanish is rich, too, in idioms and images derived from Catholicism and its rites and symbols. 'I am not very Catholic to-day,' is the Spanish equivalent for being 'under the weather'; and there is much truth in the Spanish phrases 'behind the cross the Devil lurks,' and 'you cannot both ring the bell and walk in the procession.' Other vivid phrases are: —

Buscar tres piés al gato: (To seek three feet to the cat; to look for a difficulty where there is none; also to seek a quarrel.)

Echar chispas: (To throw off sparks; to be in a rage.)

Meterse en camisa de once varas: (To get into a shirt eleven yards long; to attempt more than one can cope with.)

Tomar por donde quema: (To catch hold of the burning end; to take in a wrong sense.)

Quemar las cejas: (To burn one's eyebrows; to study intensely.)

Vivir á pierna suelta: (To live with one's leg stretched out; to live at one's ease.)

Llover sobre mojado: (To rain on a person who is already wet; to discuss a settled matter.)

A lo hecho, pecho: (One's breast to the accomplished fact; we must make the best of what is done.)

Of all the languages of Europe, the German language seems to be the richest in poetic and imaginative phrases of popular origin. *Durch die Blume sprechen* ('to speak through the flowers') is a pretty description of speaking in hints; and 'to make a blue mist before someone' (*einen blauen Dunst vormachen*) gives a more poetic image

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than 'throwing dust in someone's eyes.' *Sein blaues Wunder erleben* ('to live through one's blue wonder') is an imaginative phrase for being struck with astonishment; and the expression *der Himmel hängt bei ihm voller Geigen* ('a heaven full of harps hangs round him,' as we may freely translate it) is a picturesque description of someone in a fool's paradise which cannot be equaled in any other language. I give a few other German phrases: —

Über alle Berge sein: (To be over all the mountains; to have utterly disappeared.)

Eine Faust in der Tasche ballen: (To clench one's fist in one's pocket; to control one's rage.)

Einen Stein auf dem Herzen haben: (To have a stone on one's heart; to be heavy at heart.)

Der Teufel hat sein Spiel dabei: (The Devil has his game in it; there is danger lurking in it.)

Das ist sein drittes Wort: (That is his third word — the phrase he is always repeating.)

All these foreign idioms describe in figures more vivid than any we possess facts and experiences familiar to us all, and would be useful additions to our speech could we translate or paraphrase them in chimes of English words. But in the storehouse of foreign locutions there are other idioms of even greater value, phrases which we may call discoveries, since they describe, and place before our eyes something unnamed and latent, some nuance of thought or feeling which has hitherto escaped our observation, or of which, at the most, we have been only dimly conscious. The French phrases *l'esprit d'escalier* ('staircase wit'), *plaider le faux pour savoir le vrai* ('to tell lies in order to get at the truth'), *battre le chien devant le lion* ('to be afraid of the lion and beat the dog,' — 'to pound the sack and mean the ass,' as they say in German, — the Italian *poco popolo, poca predica* ('scanty people, scanty preaching'), and the German *mit der Thür ins Haus fallen* ('to fall into the house with the front door'), are little discoveries of this kind which have elucidated, for those who made them, their own experience, and added subtle meanings to their speech.

The foreign idioms I have quoted (they are only a few out of many thousands), and the swarms of English phrases which are familiar to us all, will show how the tapestry of human speech is enriched by these vivid images which are so picturesquely woven into its texture — all these little scenes of life in the open, these figures of birds and dogs and cats and horses. But of all creatures the human animal is the richest source of figurative locutions. Man is always attempting to express his ideas by translating them into gestures, into the acts and attitudes of his own body and its members. The colloquial speech of every nation swarms with these energetic phrases; and we have only to read Shakespeare or Dryden or Montaigne or Cervantes to see how, by means of these and other kinds of popular locutions, the great writers of the past expressed themselves in a style considerably more vigorous than that jargon of life-forsaken formulas in which, nowadays, one desiccated brain feebly adumbrates to another its abstract and inanimate ideas.

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LA FERRA

BY SOUSA COSTA

From *La Prensa, September* 28
(Buenos Aires Liberal Daily)

[*La ferra* designates, in the vocabulary of stock-raisers and bullfighters, not only the iron that burns the owner's brand upon the animal's flank, but also the inspection of fighting steers preliminary to choosing animals for the ring.]

The corral of Pancas roughly resembles a bull ring. It is an ample enclosure, surrounded and divided into rectangular sections — *corraletes* — by masonry walls. One of these sections contains the animals that are to be inspected. Another, the largest of all, where they are tried out, resembles a public square. Connecting with these by heavy wooden gates are separate corraletes reserved respectively for animals selected for the ring, or destined for the butcher. Along the tops of the walls run iron railings like those of a balcony, which facilitate the task of the *campinos* who pick out the animals to be judged.

Before the ferra begins, ladies, young people, and other guests of the proprietor have perched themselves on top of the whitewashed walls to watch the ceremony. A fire of pine and hemlock crackles in the square to heat the branding irons. One of the campinos at the balustrades signals to a gateman, who opens his gate just enough to let the animal selected pass through and then shuts it against his fellows. Meanwhile the boys and older men seek places of safety near the exits. A steer rushes into the arena, halts bewildered, and stares defiantly, first to the right and then to the left.

'Let him show his mettle!' ten or twenty voices shout in chorus. Immediately three, four, half a dozen daring young fellows run into the square waving blankets and saddlecloths to excite the wild rover of the moors. Nagged on the right, buffeted on the left, dazed and indignant at treatment he has never experienced before, the animal pauses in the middle of the square, shakes his powerful head, dilates his nostrils, snorts, and paws the ground with his hoofs. One of his tormentors — a fair-haired town boy who shows promise of becoming a bullfighter — boldly approaches and shakes his saddlecloth almost in the angry steer's face; whereupon the latter charges it furiously, with blazing eyes and lowered horns.

But the amateur *torero*, a cool-headed lad in spite of the hot peninsular sun under which he was born, stands his ground. He awaits the charge poised lightly on his toes, and continues to wave his taunting flag of challenge. Several of his companions drop flat on the ground or retreat hastily to the exits, inviting a scornful laugh from the ladies. But the young fellow twists and dodges until the raging animal, wearied and breathless, discontinues the pursuit.

'That's enough. Throw him!' orders the proprietor. The cowboys, with the exception of the dexterous lad from the town, cast aside their cloaks and prepare to subdue the steer by twisting his tail. A daring fellow seizes it, but is quickly jerked off his feet and dragged across the square through the dust,

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amid the jeering laughter of the spectators.

'Get up. I'll tackle him in front,' shouts a tall, lithe lad about fifteen years old. He is as handsome as an ancient gladiator.

The steer, released at the order of the proprietor, has resumed his position in the middle of the arena, where he swings his head alertly from side to side, with angry, flashing eyes, hooks at invisible enemies, snorts with wrath, and paws the earth into a cloud of dust by way of challenge.

'Hey, steer!' shouts the lad, advancing calmly.

Silence falls upon the spectators as they watch with tense interest, not unmixed with concern for the youth's safety, the restless motions of the enraged, pawing beast. The campinos flatten themselves against the barriers, as rigid and statuesque as decorative figures. Now and then a spectator shouts a word of caution: —

'Look out. Don't let him get the drop on you.'

'Hey, steer!' the lad shouts again, advancing confidently to within ten paces of the brute, who, distrusting the sudden silence, turns his head and watches suspiciously the people behind him.

Advancing a couple of paces more, the lad shouts for a third time, 'Hey, steer!'

The steer decides to attack. With an angry bellow he charges the bold challenger. In an instant — no, a fraction of an instant — the lad has seized the lunging horns and is clinging to the steer's head. The crowd cheers, and the other cowboys precipitate themselves on the animal from all sides.

Now for the branding — a ceremony that is performed according to an ancient and recognized ritual. It begins by lassoing the legs of the animal with *madrinhas*, or ropes with which he is thrown and held down. Next a peon brings the red-hot branding irons bearing the initials of the owner and the age of the steer. He hands these to the ranch manager, who in turn hands them to the proprietor, whose privilege it is to place his owner's stamp upon the beast. A fellow of Herculean proportions thrusts a pole under the victim and partly lifts him from the ground in order still further to impede his movements, while a second pats him on the flanks as if to give him courage — at least so it seems to my untutored eyes. The owner with the hot irons in his hands then brands the lustrous haunches of the animal, who twists, bellows, and snorts, and rolls his eyes with pain as the brand hisses against the living flesh.

Immediately the burned spot is covered with a cloth saturated in lime-water to relieve the inflammation and promote healing. Last of all, the steer is untied and driven into the corralete reserved for animals approved.

This ceremony is repeated once, twice, ten times, while the sun sinks slowly in the west.

It is evening. In the cloudless sky above, the great millstone of the moon is grinding its white flour, which falls in silvery light upon the earth below. We drive back to town in country carts with high wheels of elm-wood, canopied with a low arch, behind a pair of gentle, trotting oxen. Crickets chirp in the neighboring bushes, and frogs chant melancholy ballads from the banks of a near-by pond. In the distance, just over the horizon, hovers the phosphorescent glow of the city lights. Cork trees file past us in the dreamy obscurity like silent, black-robed figures, while the ox bells clank a litany of resignation, melancholy, and *saudade*.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

UNTIL THE EVENING

BY C. HENRY WARREN

[*Saturday Review*]

EARLY the blue dusk falls. The dripping rain
Makes dimples in the sodden branch-hid lane.
Last of the creaking wagons has gone by,
Lumbering to the farm; and wearily
Brushing aside the drooping boughs comes John,
Scolding the stumbling mare he rides upon —
Lady, whose thrust-back ears are quick to tell
Angry tones in a voice she knows so well.

Soon are they shut within the sheltering shed,
Where Lady nuzzles in her warm straw bed,
Then lifts her nose and neighs good-will to all,
While John slings up the harness on the wall.

THE NEWLY DEAD

BY REGINALD CRIPPS

[*The Magic Grape*]

SIGH not for me, I soar and pass
Like thy swift shadow in the glass;
  I laughing run
  Beyond the sun,
Beyond the eternal fires of night,
To worlds of undestroyed delight;
  Sigh not for me.

Remember me at break of day,
And when the sunset dies away;
  Sigh not for me,
  A joy I'll be,
A spring of coolness in the heat,
A balm to heal thy bleeding feet;
  Remember me.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

GABRIELA MISTRAL, POET OF CHILE

In the Argentine newspaper *La Accion* an interviewer describes a meeting with Gabriela Mistral, the Chilean poet. 'Gabriela Mistral' is the pseudonym of Señorita Lucilla Godoy, whom an American critic credits with 'apostolic intensity,' and who is probably best known in this country for her book *Desolacion*, published in New York two years ago. She was born in the village of La Serena, situated on the coast only a few hours' journey from Valparaiso. Here she spent a dreamy childhood, turning the flocks of herons and pelicans into conscious artists, who, she thought, wrote on the sky, and transforming the clouds into shining cities full of towers and cupolas.

'My dear,' a very wise mother would reply to the child's confidences, 'I can see none of these things; but if it pleases you, so let it be.'

As her Argentine interviewer does not leave the realm of ideas, let us draw a description of her from *Palms*, that oddly interesting little journal for poetry-lovers published by Americans in Mexico: 'Gabriela Mistral is tall, compact, dark. Her hair is black and straight and shining, her cheek bones are strong and her nose is slightly curved. Only her clear eyes contrast with the pointedly Araucanian characteristics, and betray a remote Spanish ancestry.'

'Some three years ago,' writes the Argentine journalist, 'I read in a magazine a poem entitled "Nocturno" and signed by Gabriela Mistral. I read it over and over again, and looked at the signature in an effort to guess who this woman might be who wrote such beautiful and deeply felt lines. She was Chilean, for so the magazine informed me, but I remembered no such name in Chilean literature. She must be a beginner. I dared not call her a genius, but I did think she was a poet of very exalted degree.

'One evening I was asked to greet her in the name of a gathering where she was to pay a short visit on her way home from Mexico. In spite of my great desire to make her acquaintance and my admiration for her verse, I rather expected a conversation in cold, formal, academic tones, for I remembered her lines: —

> Everything acquires
> The bitter taste of tears in my mouth;
> My daily food, my verses,
> And even my prayers.

'As soon as I saw her, however, my apprehensions were dissipated. Gabriela Mistral is a tall, well-built lady with a dark complexion, a kind look and a captivating smile which made me regret the impossibility of reproducing it on paper along with her poetry. She is of the Basque type that predominates in Chile, of strong and imposing appearance. She dresses simply and addresses her interlocutor in a tone of perfect equality. Her voice at times has an inflection that sounds like a musical cadence and must sound like a caress when she speaks to a child.

'"Mexican?" she asked as she greeted me.

'"No, señora, Spanish. I have been asked to tell my impressions of our interview."

'"Then let us speak of Mexico," she said without further preamble.

'She spoke of the two most vital

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problems of Mexico to-day — the land reform, and the educational reform.

'"During my two years' stay in Mexico I have been entirely occupied with educational matters. Do you realize that the Mexican Government has increased the number of rural schools to three thousand, and that rural education to-day is not merely rural but also industrial and agricultural. As for the education of the Indians, the Government has gone still further. It is sending special cultural missions to work among them. A mission of this kind consists of from three to five teachers and as many carpenters or masons, or agricultural specialists.

'"Once in a while the Indians show themselves refractory and refuse to collaborate in this programme. Indians are very crafty and mistrustful; but if they become convinced that you really aim at their own welfare, they become quite docile."

'My illustrious interlocutor was tireless in describing the great educational work of Mexico.

'"I was entirely absorbed in this work!" she exclaimed. "Mexico, this country of beauty, with its sky that makes you think of the abode of Glory, will be one of the foremost countries in the world when peace and enlightenment are accomplished there."

'As our conversation took place in New York, I asked Gabriela Mistral whether she intended to stay for a time in the United States to study the life of that country, but she replied that she was on her way to Italy.

'"There," said I, "you will find occasion to write more verses."

'"My ambition is to write for children," she answered. "All I have written so far is petty poetry that served no purpose except that of making known my pen name of Gabriela Mistral."'

AN ACADEMY OF PUBLICITY

ADVERTISING — that most characteristically American of all commercial pursuits — is slowly winning recognition in France, and a school of publicity is now suggested. Quite naturally, it is a publisher who is most active in advertising the new proposals — as to the desirability of which no one who has ever perused the advertising columns of a Continental journal will have any doubts whatever; and since even those stout conservatives who decry all advertising must admit that some kinds are better than others, the new institution is likely to find general support.

It is M. Bernard Grasset who desires to found the *Institut français de publicité et de psychologie appliquée*, the main object of which will be 'to determine the laws of the art of convincing, since the laws of the art of pleasing were long ago discovered by the sex to which you belong, Madame and dear reader.' (Anyone can see from that solitary sentence that M. Grasset, at least, has no need to attend his own institute.)

M. E. Gascoin, writing in *Le Figaro*, suggests that 'the idea is interesting in itself,' and it is quite characteristically French that, even in a discussion of advertising, the national distrust of the northern neighbor appears. 'We have indeed admirable qualities which of our own volition we hide under a bushel, while beside us Germany — though by no means an agreeable nation — carries on a publicity campaign in every direction so adroitly that she gains, if not the affection, at least the fear of other people, and their orders besides. A Yankee publicity man might perhaps find a screw or two loose in that psychology, but M. Gascoin has still more to add: 'Moreover France, the

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country of psychological writers and of clear ideas, is especially qualified to replace our present rule of thumb methods by a reasoned science based on knowledge of the human heart and its eternal motives.'

M. Gascoin is personally so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of advertising, and so enthusiastic about it, that he prints his name at both ends of his article.

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POETIC FIRES OF BOLSHEVISM

'PROLETARIAN, kill the embryo of war!' is the good advice that serves as heading to a half-page of poetry by Vladimir Maiakovskii in the World War anniversary number of Moscow *Izvestia* which appeared last August. Comrade Maiakovskii is a kind of poet laureate to the Soviet Government — the unkind 'kind of' being necessary because hitherto poets laureate have been the appendages of royalty and their precise position under Communism is not quite clear. But it may at least be said for Comrade Maiakovskii that his poems have more of that desirable quality inelegantly known as 'pep' than the usual effusions of ordinary laureates.

It is never quite fair to translate a poet, still less a Russian poet, and least of all a Bolshevist Russian poet, but one gets a very clear idea of what Maiakovskii is driving at in this poem, which he calls 'Diplomacy': —

'Mr. Minister,
  How do you do?
The ultimatum's expired.
  Any concessions?'
'None!
The firm of Krupp
  Owes the firm of Morgan
Three billions and one ruble.
  Beleaguer the clouds!
Start the fight!
  If any booty —
You'll share.
  Your people,
My money.
  Good-bye.'

Newspaper talk about the Death Ray probably inspired this:—

The city breathed fast,
Slept, not thinking of death.
They crowled out — three hundred little smokes —
And began to lower in spirals, stinking all the while.
Some birds — oh, just a trifle, some sparrows —
Fell down dead on the pavement,
And the roof of the Parliament, well varnished,
Became dull in two seconds.
Colorless gas enveloped houses,
Fell to the ground, from story to story.
'Save yourself, up there on the tenth fl —'
The word died in the cooling skies.
Legs, convulsive for a minute,
Are quiet. Foolish people!
They thought, 'We'll entreat, we'll arouse their pity.'

When the gas melted
— No men, no beasts, no moths.
There was life, but it's all gone.
Four airplanes slowly descended
Crossing their searchlights in a huge X.
There was a corpse on the street, and it disappeared.
Here was a house, and it is no more.
The violet light burned:
It did clean work.
No smoke, no darkness!
They undermined, and washed off, and swept away.
And the city lies, like a canceled stamp
On a dirty, ragged package of earth.

The idea in another lyric is not so much 'Peace!' as 'War on war!'

. . . Thirty millions were shot,
Hundreds of millions groan and weep;
But all this will seem a trifle
Next to the future war. . .
All the spines, flogged in prison camps,
All the limbs left upon operating tables,
All the wounds that ache in the fall,
All the clattering crutches,
All the screams of the gassed,
Let them all unite to-day in a shout:
'Down with the war!
It shall not be! We don't want! We shall not permit!
Nations are not enemies of nations.
Nations are invented by the enemy of all.

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Come out, workers of the world, to fight,
But not to fight nations!
Come out in a heavy, stamping, proletarian army;
Get out your last bayonets.
The phrases about peace are an empty Utopia
As long as the capitalists are not dealt with.
If not to-day, then to-morrow,
Death to the guilty — and doubly to the innocent.
Knock down the fat — dozens and scores of them.
Peace to peace, but
War to war!'

LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL OXFORD

ENGLISH university life in the seventeenth and eighteenth century is pretty well understood, thanks to the diaries of Anthony à Wood, Hearn, and others of the period, but the Oxford of pre-Reformation days fades away into the haze of years. Not that all materials for reconstructing its history are lacking, but these materials are so disjointed and so scanty that few have had the patience requisite for the effort to piece them together.

Two writers in *Discovery* have lately set themselves to learn as much as possible about conditions of student life in the olden days at New College, Oxford, which, in spite of its name, was founded in 1379. They draw their information from the papers of the founder, from the comments made by early visitors, from the business records of the University, and from passing references in the records of the city. They have also found it possible to gain some idea of the original buildings by careful comparison of what remains to-day with old drawings and prints.

New College, in its early days, was a little community within itself. Its garden was 'not for pleasure, & walking, but for Profitt,' and what the nature of that profit was may be seen from the words of a seventeenth-century Warden, who observed that the garden 'ancyently was for onyons, leeks, etc.' Indeed the College was so thoroughly self-supporting that in 1532 Oxford tradesmen complained that 'New Colledge and Magdalen baketh theyr bread within them, and they have motton, beefe, and all salte store, that is to saye, saltefish, and all theyre cloth for linnens with all other necessaries of household of theyre own provision within them, soe that the Towne is not profited by them.'

The fellows lived in nineteen chambers which, instead of numbers, had such picturesque titles as 'The Green Post,' 'The Chamber of Three,' 'The Baptist's Head.' Some of them can still be identified. Groups of three or four men shared a common chamber with tiny studies opening off it, juniors sleeping in truckle-beds which in the daytime could be pushed under the taller beds of their seniors. At five o'clock in the morning they were wakened by the college porter pounding at the door with a wooden mallet. In the early days there were probably no fireplaces, and the windows were certainly unglazed, though fitted with stout shutters. By the middle of the fifteenth century, however, signs of the degeneracy of modern times had already set in, and fireplaces were being used.

Since books were rare and precious objects in those days — a quality which some of them have not even yet quite lost — there was an elaborate system of precautions against thefts from the library. The door was fastened even in the daytime by three separate locks to which every fellow possessed a key. The windows, too, were barred and shuttered and also glazed to save the precious collection from rough weather. One of these barred library windows still remains.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Sard Harker, by John Masefield. London: Heinemann; New York: The Macmillan Co., 1924. $2.50.

The Grub Street Nights Entertainments, by J. C. Squire. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Scrap Heap, by Geraldine Waife. London: Chapman and Hall, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Schooling, by Paul Selver. London: Jarrolds, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[H. C. Harwood in the *Outlook*]

SOONER or later the comparison will have to be made. Let us get it over now. Mr. Masefield in *Sard Harker* occasionally resembles Conrad. In other words, he is writing about seamen and South America and romantic love, and writing well. But the likeness goes no deeper than that, and Mr. Masefield's merits and defects are both sufficiently individual for the comparison to be dismissed as soon as it has been suggested.

It will be worth our while to examine Mr. Masefield's motives in composing, after many years' abstinence from fiction, this most extravagant novel. Harker overhears two conspirators discussing in Spanish — which happily, despite his appearance, he understands — their intention of kidnapping a certain girl and killing her brother. After many heroic adventures Harker discovers the girl, only himself to fall into the hands of her jailer, a master of black magic, who proposes to offer their lives in a bloody sacrament to the Devil. Also Harker discovers that his captain has been poisoned and his ship destroyed by this same magician, whose characteristic name is Hirsch; and that the girl, chained to the next pillar, is the Not Impossible She of whom he has been warned by dreams. Rescue comes in what, I believe, is called the nick of time; the villains are summarily shot; and Harker, in accordance with the instructions supernaturally given to him, accepts the girl in matrimony.

All this is very spirited nonsense, which anyone might whole-heartedly enjoy as the plot of a shocker, but it is not good enough to be made the plot of Mr. Masefield's picturesque, sensitive, and thoughtful novel. Suppose that you, for example, when walking in Epping Forest, are attacked by a large green dragon. You dodge round a tree. Eventually you escape. For some time hereafter you are too bewildered and too nearly breathless to do aught but consider, and congratulate yourself upon, the details of your flight. And then, when your mind has passed beyond this, the shocker stage, you begin to take a less subjective view of the situation. Do dragons, you ask, really subsist? And what was that dragon doing there? And how did it like Epping? Similarly the reader of *Sard Harker* will become more interested in the dragon than in its good, and will wish Mr. Masefield to explain Hirsch and the supernatural machinery rather than to enumerate the incidents in an escape from a most improbable danger.

How Mr. Masefield went wrong is, I think, obvious. He intended to write a full-blooded romantic story in which he could display many beautiful, ironical, and exciting inventions, but he neglected to observe that its plot must not be sheerly sensational. No one could relish at the same time and in the same way Hirsch and Harker. The readers of this novel inevitably will be divided into Class A, who applaud Mr. Masefield's powerful descriptions, and Class B, scurrying to the last page after horrors. Either class, I hasten to add, will find a bellyful of amusement, but neither could be persuaded to accept the book as a coherent whole. What Mr. Masefield makes on the swings, he loses on the roundabouts.

The entertainment provided by Mr. J. C. Squire includes one biting satire on a form of verse which he dislikes, but elsewhere is delightfully free from the acrimony wherewith throughout all ages literary men have been wont to regard their profession and their colleagues. Grub Street shows to Mr. Squire its brighter side. There may not be a great deal of money there, but disappointed ambition finds more victims than actual hunger. Modern Grub Street is as far from the Grub Street of the Pendennis period as it is from the desperate contrivances and indecorous grisettes of the traditional Latin Quarter. But despite Mr. Squire's cheerfulness and the strong salt flavor of his wit, it is to his pathos that greatest praise is due. Ambrose Hilton, that too thoughtful and too little known novelist; the pseudo-titanic Hoffman; and Lionel Crewe, a good poet but dull — these are examples of very subtle characterization. No one will begrudge them the successes they variously attained, or Mackenzie Wiles the twelve million pounds he won by an accident only too rare in the annals of journalism. Incidentally, it should be noted that Mr. Squire pays no less attention to form in his stories than in his poetry.

Miss Waife and Mr. Selver discuss the profession of teaching. Their experience is visible, but not enthusiasm. None of the schoolmistresses in *The Scrap Heap* is given enough to eat, and one of the results of this may be the depressed and draggled temper of the book. I am sorry that these ladies are slighted and worried, that the serv-

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ants are allowed to be rude to them, and that they are not, when ill, properly looked after; I am sorry too that they lack humor, courage, and skill at their job. But it would require art and ideas less crude than Miss Waife's to reconcile me to the company of this dismal crew.

The masters in *Schooling* get quite enough to eat, but the food is coarse. So, at times, is Mr. Selver. We are given a very full account of the two terms spent by Leonard Malden at Greendale Grammar School; but the detail, though much of it is trivial, has not been allowed to swamp the book. Mr. Selver has labored strenuously for veracity, and has moreover been able by means of his humor and his strong sense of character to interest the reader in the little feuds, jealousies, and scandals of the Greendale common-room. Old Dickinson has trouble with his class, Charley Weever is the model usher, Rees is a swine, Rockberry mean-spirited, Goff bumptious, Bramley woos barmaids, Mallinson is arrogant; and Malden, guided by the superior Osten, learns quite a lot about poetry, music, and women. Perhaps the headmaster, slightly intoxicated by the long exercise of quasi-despotic power, is the cleverest study, but all are lifelike and solid creations. We close the book without regret for having made their acquaintance, and for that acquaintance's end. But it would indeed be regrettable if Mr. Selver did not give us further examples of his sardonic and masculine art.

By the way, Messrs. Jarrolds, so well known for their sensational fiction, should be congratulated on breaking new ground with the Jay Library, to which series *Schooling* belongs.

The Magic Grape. Poems and Verse, by Reginald Cripps. With a Preface by Sir C. J. Holmes. London: Bell, 1924. *3s. 6d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

We endorse almost all that Sir Charles Holmes says in his complimentary preface of the economy of design and compactness common to all Mr. Cripps's verses. The 'imaginative intensity' and 'emphatic concentration' are perhaps less certain, though they belong to him at his best.

Mr. Cripps is a verbal artist of distinction, and his note is as clean as it is fresh, but his experiences are only occasionally so compelling as to brim the fine edges of his technique. It is rather as a connoisseur that he traces the gradual grace of a growing lily or infuses a delicate strain of new life into charming Jacobean conventions. His interests, however, are very varied and very human, and in one poem he so captures the mood of the metaphysical poets as to make it completely his own. It is entitled 'The Newly Dead.'

[*Saturday Review*]

Mr. Cripps is graceful, and has the sure touch of the craftsman who knows what he is doing and is content to confine himself within the scope of that knowledge. Sir Charles Holmes, in an enthusiastic preface, finds some resemblance between this author and Henry Vaughan, and quotes in proof half a dozen lines which perhaps might have been written by Vaughan at his least inspired; but the bulk of the volume is made up of verses which can scarcely be intended to be more than trivial.

[Mr. Cripps's poem, 'The Newly Dead,' appears on A Page of Verse.]

Downland Echoes, by Victor L. Whitechurch. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1924. *5s.*

[*T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*]

The brilliant suggestive theory that our English reserve of manner came into being as the result of anxiety on the part of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers to conceal certain important matters from the Norman invader is advanced by the Rev. Victor L. Whitechurch in one of these quietly written sketches. He writes with understanding and humor of the virtues and failings of village folk, of the triumphs of poachers, of Michaelmas hirings and dances, of a child's funeral, and of the coming of war and its aftermath. An excellent little chapter on Prejudices should go far toward the clearing up of many curious misunderstandings that have always existed between town and country folk. In addition to the delightful matter and manner, the excellent format of the book and its price make it one to be bought and kept.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Mistral, Gabriela. *Desolacion.* New York: Instituto de las Españas en los Estados Unidos, 1922.

Partington, W. *Smoke Rings and Roundelays.* London: Castle. *7s.*

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This Week

There are two ways of keeping Europe in order. One is a League of Nations with teeth in it. The other is the old balance of power which enables England to play off one nation against another. Ludwig Quessel favors the first scheme. England, on the other hand, has always preferred the second until MacDonald finally yielded to French pressure and signed the Geneva Protocol.

* * *

The house of the Living Buddha is thrown open this week to the *Living Age* subscription list, and everyone is urged to attend. Some features of the host's family life had better not be mentioned here, but his burial services, which naturally conclude the entertainment, are wonderful to behold. Most Mongolians are thrown to the dogs when they die, but the Living Buddha — or Bogdykhan, as his friends call him — is gilded from head to foot and preserved forever.

* * *

Petropolis is called a watering place because it rains there every day. It was settled by some fastidious German colonists who were bound for Australia on an English vessel but rebelled off the coast of Brazil because the food was so bad. Their descendants still run a number of filthy hotels, but the scenery is so wonderful that you are supposed to forget all about mere creature comforts.

* * *

Logan Pearsall Smith gives us a pleasing little essay on the common phrases and proverbs that impart color to our daily speech. He quotes — with definitions — from Spanish, Italian, and German, and explains the derivations of several English expressions.

* * *

Rabindranath Tagore has set up shop as a schoolmaster. He does not believe in promptness, discipline, or ability to pass examinations. What he wants is color, life, spontaneity. The great advantage of his system of education over all other methods is that it is a whole lot easier for the teacher. The results, however, are open to question.

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THERE's no reason why ideas on literature, or music, or painting should be dry.

Or that people should consider them unrelated to the real problems of life and therefore something for the aesthete and the highbrow to toy with.

* * *

You had stories read to you and you constructed stories before you ever had a thought about the problems of living.

You tried to sing before you ever earned a cent, and in the midst of the busiest day of your busy life now you perhaps catch yourself humming or whistling under your breath at your work.

You drew hieroglyphics, which meant something to you and probably nothing to anyone else, before you ever heard of self-expression.

For these are primary impulses which may now be hidden but are not dead.

* * *

The Christmas Scribner's Magazine is a noteworthy example of what can be done by combining interest and an ability to get the reader's point of view with thoughtful writing on music, literature and art.

* * *

Edith Wharton has given evidence of her power to capture the public with a real work of art, and in the Christmas Scribner's she discusses the art of writing fiction.

* * *

William Lyon Phelps — someone called him recently the only literary critic who is as popular as Jackie Coogan — sends us his first columns on books and people from Europe.

* * *

James L. Ford's "My Memories of the Early Eighties," in which he pictures the literary and journalistic Manhattan of forty years ago, has a decided flavor of its own.

* * *

And in the realm of music there is William J. Henderson. He permits himself a bit of irony in his title "The Emancipation of Music," but he discusses the moderns understandably and with understanding. One can see what the moderns say they are driving at, and realize what they actually are doing.

* * *

Religious painting seems to many people too solemn, too studied, too far removed from the world, to have accorded it more than a polite interest. Royal Cortissoz in the Christmas "Field of Art" shows the many elements which enter into religious painting.

Above all, he points the essentially human side of the men who have produced these great works of art.

* * *

The final chapters of the most popular of Galsworthy's novels appear in the Christmas number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

And four more stories, too, —

* * *

Then, two contributions which are as interesting as fiction, but true. They are the stories of how two men discovered new outlooks upon life, written by the men themselves.

* * *

See if you find either dryness or superficiality in the Christmas Scribner's Magazine.

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